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## Reminiscences of the Confederate States Navy.

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[The following is one of what we hope to make a series of sketches of the Confederate States navy. We are anxious that no branch of our service shall be neglected, and that those who *made* the history shall record it.]

When I received intelligence that my native State, Mississippi, had by the sovereign will of her people, severed her connection with the American Union, I was serving as a midshipman on board the United States steam frigate "Powhatan," then stationed at Vera Cruz, Mexico. I immediately tendered my resignation, which was duly forwarded by the Commodore to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington. By the steamer from New Orleans, which arrived at Vera Cruz about the last of February, 1861, I received private advices that my resignation had been accepted, but no official information to that effect reached me. The day after the arrival of the mail steamer the United States sloop-of-war "Macedonian" joined the squadron, and brought orders for the Powhatan to proceed to the United States. On the 13th of March we arrived and anchored off the Battery, in the harbor of New York. The following day I started for the South, and was soon in Montgomery, the capital of the Confederate States. I called on Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, who received me kindly, and informed me that no doubt my services would soon be needed by the Government. I also called on Mr. Davis, with whom I was acquainted. He asked me many questions about the Naval Academy, and the naval service, and seemed anxious to know how the officers of the navy from the South regarded the secession of the States. He said he hoped there would be no war, but if coercion was attempted, that the army of the South would be the place for a young man with a military education.

I met several naval officers in Montgomery who, like myself, had

resigned from the United States service, among them the gallant Lieutenant Hartstine, of Arctic exploration fame. There were a great many strangers, from the different sections of the country, at that time in the capital of the Confederacy. I formed the acquaintance of quite a number of them, and received my first information of how the people of the South regarded the events of the day. From what I could learn, the people of the South were almost unanimously in favor of the secession of the States, for the reason that they could see no other way of protecting their rights; but they hoped for peace and the friendship of the people of the North, and a great many hoped for a reunion, in which there would be no contentions, and in which the people of the South would be guaranteed equal rights with all the States.

I had been in Mississippi but a few days, when the country was aware that war had commenced, and that the stronghold of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, had been compelled to surrender to the Southern forces. Soon news came that Lincoln had called for 75,000 men to march upon the States which had swung loose from the Federal Union. The youth of the South sprung to arms in obedience to the call of their President, and everywhere the fife and drum were heard. It was, indeed, hard for me to keep from volunteering for the army, but I remembered that the South had but few sailors and would need them all on the water.

On the 1st day of May, 1861, I reported, in obedience to an order from the Secretary of the Navy, to Captain Rousseau, of the Confederate States navy, at New Orleans for duty on the Confederate steamer McRae. I was directed by Captain Rousseau to go over to Algiers and report to Lieutenant T. B. Huger, the commander of the steamer. I found Lieutenant Huger an agreeable gentleman, and felt that he was just the man I would like to serve under. He directed me to take charge of the sailing master's department, and to push ahead as rapidly as possible, as he was desirous of getting the ship ready for sea before the blockade could be established. The McRae was a propeller of about 600 tons, barque rigged, and mounted six thirty-two pounders, one nine-inch Dahlgreen gun on pivot, and one twenty-four pounder brass rifle, also on pivot, making in all eight guns. The line officers above me were Lieutenants Warley, Egleston and Dunnington, all of the old navy. The midshipmen were Stone, John Comstock, Blanc and Morgan. Our surgeon was Dr. Linah, of South Carolina, and the purser was the best old gentleman in the world, Mr. Sample. The steamer

Sumter, a propeller of 400 tons, mounting five guns and commanded by Commander R. Semmes, was fitting out near us. Captain Semmes was untiring in his efforts to get his vessel ready for sea, and finally threw his guns aboard in a half fitted state, started down the river, and in a few days was on the ocean destroying the commerce of the enemy.

While the McRae was getting ready for sea, Captain Higgins, formerly of the navy, but at that time on the staff of General Twiggs, proposed an expedition to capture the Launches of the enemy that were raiding in the Mississippi Sound, and called on Captain Huger for volunteers, which were readily furnished. So taking one thirty-two pounder, one eight-inch gun and two howitzers, we armed and manned two of the lake steamers. We went through the Sound but did not find the boats of the enemy. It was decided by Captain Higgins that we would land our guns on Ship Island and hold on there until troops could be brought from New Orleans. We commenced landing about 4 P. M., and after very hard work got our guns through the soft sand, up to the highest point of the island, and parapets around them before dark. Our steamers left as soon as the guns were on shore. About dark a steamer was made out coming in from seaward, and it was evident to all that she was a gun-boat of the enemy. The light on the island had been kept burning as usual since the war commenced, but on this night it was extinguished. After dark the gun-boat fired a couple of guns, as it seemed, to let the light-keeper know that a light was needed. However, the gun-boat came in and anchored within a mile of our position. The next morning at dawn of day Lieutenant Warley, who commanded us, directed me to open fire on the steamer with the eight-inch gun. As soon as the first shot had been fired, some one on lookout on the light-house reported that the steamer had up a white flag. As it was rather misty, it was believed by the commanding officer that the enemy had surrendered. Smoke was seen issuing from his funnel however, and some of us suspected that he meant anything else than striking his colors. In a few minutes all doubts were dispelled by a thirty-two pound shell, which came whizzing from the steamer, knocking the sand in our faces and exploding amongst us. We now opened with all of our guns, but with what effect we could not ascertain. The gun-boat replied briskly, but fired wildly. In about an hour, the steamer having raised steam, withdrew out of range and proceeded out to sea. That afternoon our steamers re-

turned, bringing the Fourth Louisiana Regiment, in charge of Colonel Allen. Our sailors embarked and went back to the city.

The McRae was soon out of the hands of the carpenters, and started up to Baton Rouge for her ordnance stores. Near that place some portion of her machinery gave way, and we were compelled to return to New Orleans for repairs. In a few weeks our engines were reported in good order, and every preparation for sea having been completed, we bade adieu to our friends in the city and steamed down the river. Arriving at the forts, some forty miles from the sea, we anchored and let our steam go down. The "Joy," a side-wheel river boat, formerly a tow-boat, occasionally reconnoitered the river below. Once and awhile the McRae got under way and went down the river as far as the Jump, or up as far as the quarantine. One day, while at the Jump, a steamer was discovered coming up the river. We went to quarters and awaited under way the report of the Joy, which was in advance of the approaching steamer. The stranger proved to be a French man-of-war, and informed us that he had arrived off the Southwest Pass the night before; had grounded in trying to get over the bar; that he saw no blockading vessels until 10 o'clock next day, when a small side-wheel gun-boat called the "Water Witch" arrived off the Pass.

Captain Geo. N. Hollins had now arrived in New Orleans and assumed command of all our naval forces in the Mississippi river. He was aware that the Government was anxious for the McRae to get to sea, and he at once commenced preparations to open the river. Some enterprising and patriotic citizens of New Orleans had purchased a very staunch, fast double propeller of about 300 tons, which had been a tow-boat on the river, and was known as the "Enoch Train."

This steamer was arched over from the water line with 20 inches of oak, and covered with two-inch iron plates. An iron prow was placed on her. She mounted one 9-inch gun, which could be fired only right ahead. She was commanded by Captain Stevenson, who was part owner and designer of the ram. The McRae was at the forts when the ram (now called the "Manassas") came down on her trial trip. By order of Commodore Hollins, Lieutenant Warley, senior lieutenant of the McRae, took the ram from her owners and assumed command of her. The enemy's vessels had now ascended the river and were at anchor at the Passes. They consisted of one large sloop-of-war, the "Richmond," carrying a formidable

battery of 20 guns; two sailing sloops-of-war, and a small steamer, the "Water Witch." Commodore Hollins determined to attack the enemy and endeavor to sink the Richmond and drive the sailing ships ashore or destroy them with fire rafts. So on the night of—our fleet, consisting of the "Manassas," the McRae, Joy, Calhoun, and the tug-boats Tuscarora and Watson, each with a fire raft, started from the forts. On arriving at about ten miles from the head of the Passes, where the enemy's gun-boats lay, the Manassas was directed to proceed in advance and run into the Richmond at full speed. The tugs followed, and were instructed to set fire to their combustible rafts, or barges, as soon as the Manassas should throw up a rocket, which was the signal that she had obeyed her instructions. The night was dark, and we all waited anxiously for the signal. Presently a rocket was seen to shoot high in the air, and in a few minutes the thunder of a broadside told us the Yankee blue-jackets were at their guns. The fire rafts were lighted and drifted down the river with the current; a few colored lights were seen down the river, and all was quiet. Those were anxious moments for us on the McRae, who, standing afar off in the dark, were waiting for daylight to tell us of the fate of our friends on the Manassas. At early dawn the ram was alongside of the bank of the river near the head of the Passes. We soon ascertained that she had run into a ship; had entangled her propellers, disabled her engines, and carried away her smoke-stacks. All of our vessels now proceeded down the Southwest Pass, and soon we made out the Richmond and Vincennes aground on the bar. On arriving at extreme range we fired a few shots—all of which fell short. One of the enemy's shells falling near the "Joy," who had ventured nearer than the other boats, signal was made to "withdraw from action" and we steamed gallantly up the river. At the head of the Passes a small schooner, loaded with coal, was found aground; also a small boat belonging to the Richmond. There were no blockading vessels off Pass a'Loute, and Captain Huger was about to proceed to sea in obedience to his orders from the Secretary of the Navy, and to take advantage of what was regarded as the object of the expedition, when the McRae was ordered to follow the other boats up the river to the forts. The belief was general that the "Manassas" had sunk one of the enemy's ships, but which one, no one could tell, as two were on the bar and the other two were off Southwest Pass at sea. It was afterwards ascertained that the "Manassas" had run in between the Richmond and the coal schooner alongside of her,

and had injured neither. All on the McRae thought we would go down the following night, but great was our disappointment when we found that we were neither to attack the enemy again nor attempt to go to sea. We went to New Orleans, and I am sorry to say the good people of that city applauded us. After remaining several days off New Orleans, the McRae filled up with coal and proceeded down the river to run the blockade. Our engines not working smoothly, we returned to the city for repairs, after which we managed to get down as far as the quarantine, where most of our men took the swamp fever, and where we finally received orders not to run the blockade.

The three senior line officers were now ordered to other duty and I became executive officer. We sent down our spars, unbent our sails, and became a river gun-boat. The commanding officer having accompanied Commodore Hollins, by rail to Columbus, Kentucky, I was directed to proceed with the McRae up the river to that point where in due season we arrived. Columbus was then held by the Confederate forces under General Polk. The battle of Belmont had just been fought, and the enemy was concentrating at Cairo. The Yankees had two small wooden gun-boats above Columbus. A number of iron-clads had arrived at Cairo, but they were without guns or sailors. The Confederates had at Columbus, the Manassas, McRae (8), Polk (5), Jackson (2), and Calhoun (2). A small fort below Cairo was all the Confederate gun-boats would have to encounter. An advance was urged by many of us. The enemy's gun-boats were allowed to take on board their armaments, to receive their sailors, and with a fleet of transports and men to bring the first disaster to the Southern arms—the capture of forts Donalson and Henry. Columbus was evacuated and the guns of the fortifications were placed in position on Island 10, a short distance. Our gun-boats now dropped down to New Madrid to assist in defending that place. The gun-boats Pontchartrain and Joy joined our squadron, which was known out West by the title of "Hollins' fleet."

The enemy's fleet under their intrepid Commander Foote, appeared in front of No. 10 and commenced throwing their mortar shells into our works. Occasionally the fight was varied by a sharp stand up fight between the gun-boats and the batteries, in which the forts seemed to get the best of it. The Yankee gun-boats were mostly Mississippi river steam-boats, strengthened and casemated with wood and covered with felt and iron, and were designated "tin-clads." They could resist field pieces, but not heavy artillery.

New Madrid is situated on the right bank of the river, and is about ten miles below Island 10. A good road leads to Cape Gerideau, a point on the river above Cairo. Hence, New Madrid was an important point as long as we held No. 10. The place was poorly fortified, had an insufficient garrison, and was commanded by an Arkansas demagogue by the name of Gant. Jeff. Thompson, with his few "Jayhawkers," galloped around the town occasionally, and once brought in a Yankee cavalryman too Dutch to give any account of himself.

On the 3d day of March, 1862, the enemy's forces under Pope appeared in front of New Madrid, and entrenching themselves commenced an investment. Our gun-boats shelled them continually and did very good service, and the Confederate batteries annoyed the enemy's working parties considerably. I saw Gant when the Yankee shells first began to fall in our lines. He took the "shell fever" quicker than any man I ever saw. This man Gant, afterwards deserted the Confederate cause when it began to wane before the overwhelming legions of foreign mercenaries that flocked over the sea in 1864 to get good rations and \$900 bounties! On the night of March 13th it was decided to evacuate New Madrid. A darker and more disagreeable night it is hard to conceive; it rained in torrents, and our poor soldiers, covered with mud and drenched with rain, crowded on our gun-boats, leaving behind provisions, camp equipments and artillery. Gant was so demoralized that he forgot to call in his pickets.

Our fleet was at this time strengthened by the arrival of the "Maurapas," a large side-wheel steamer, having her machinery protected by an iron-clad casemate. She was commanded by Lieutenant Joseph Fry. She mounted five rifle guns—pivot. A similar gun-boat, the Livingston, Commander Pinckney, also arrived. Our gun-boats after landing from New Madrid, took a position at Tiptonville, a point 30 miles below No. 10, by the river, but only four miles by land. It was therefore an important point. We had been at Tiptonville but a few days, when early one morning we perceived a number of men on the opposite side of the river from us, engaged in throwing down a large pile of wood that had been placed on the bank for the use of our transports. About the time Commodore Hollins had made up his mind to send over and ascertain who the party were, a puff of smoke was seen to rise near the men, and a shell came screaming across the river, striking the bank near us. Fortunately our boats had steam up. The signal was hoisted on

the McRae to engage the battery at "close quarters." The gun-boat "Maurapas" was the first boat under way, and followed by the "Polk" and "Pontchartrain," thundered away at the Yanks. The McRae fired away at long range, but soon perceiving a small yawl-boat adrift (which had been cut from the "Maurapas" by a shell), we ceased firing, and went a mile below to pick up the boat. In the meantime the Polk had received a shot between wind and water, and signalized that she was leaking badly. The Yankees had left all their guns except one and were firing slowly and wildly, when the McRae signalized to "withdraw from action." So we all steamed down the river five or six miles and anchored. The next day the enterprising Yankees opened fire on us from the shore with some light guns; we replied for a few minutes, and again "withdrew from action." The Commodore stated that it was useless to fight batteries with wooden gun-boats, as the guns on shore were protected by parapets, and that nothing was to be gained even if he did succeed in killing a few artillerymen. Our gun-boats were ridiculed by Confederate soldiers and citizens, and treated with contempt by the enemy. By the urgent request of the commander of our troops at Island 10, one of our gun-boats was sent up to Tiptonville with supplies every night, and though the enemy's batteries fired at them regularly, not one of their shots ever took effect.

The night of April 4th, 1862, was one of those dark, stormy, rainy nights that they have up there at that season of the year. On that night one of the enemy's gun-boats ran the batteries at No. 10. She was a tin-clad called the "Carondelet," and mounted 13 guns. For a few days she remained under the guns at New Madrid; but perceiving that our gun-boats were not disposed to molest her, she went along the east bank of the river below New Madrid, and attacked in detail our small batteries which had been constructed to prevent the crossing of troops. One day we received information that the tin-clad was ferrying the men of General Pope's army over to a point above Tiptonville, and the general commanding at No. 10, urged Commodore Hollins to attack the gun-boat with his fleet, for if the enemy got possession of Tiptonville, and the road by which supplies were sent to No. 10, the evacuation or capture of that place was certain. Commodore Hollins declined to comply with the request of the general, saying that as the "Carondelet" was iron-clad, and his fleet were all wooden boats, he did not think he could successfully combat her. Lieutenants Dunnington, Fry and Carter, of the gun-boats "Pontchartrain," "Maurapas" and

"Polk," begged Commodore Hollins to allow them to attack the enemy's gun-boat, but the old commodore was firm in his decision to remain inactive. The three gun-boats mounted together 17 guns, 8 and 9-inch smooth bores, 6 and 7-inch rifles. That same gun-boat "Carondelet" was afterwards engaged in the Yazoo river by the "Arkansas," under the heroic I. N. Brown, and after an action of twenty minutes (the "Arkansas," using only her two bow guns, 8-inch), the "Carondelet" was driven ashore riddled, disabled and colors down. Pope's army having been safely crossed by the "Carondelet," moved on the rear of No. 10, and in a few days that place with all its fine ordnance and several thousand men surrendered to the enemy. Our fleet steamed down the river, and anchored under the guns of Fort Pillow, the next fortified place below. News now reached us that the fleets of Farragut and Porter had entered the Mississippi river, and had commenced to throw their mortar shells into Forts Jackson and Saint Phillip. Commodore Hollins telegraphed to the Secretary of the Navy for permission to go with all the vessels of his fleet to the assistance of the forts below New Orleans. The Secretary replied to Commodore Hollins to remain where he was, and to "harrass the enemy as much as possible." The Commodore answered that as all of the enemy's gun-boats on the upper Mississippi were iron-clad, while those on the lower river were wood like our own, he was of the opinion that he could be of more service with his fleet below New Orleans than at Fort Pillow. Without waiting to hear further from the department, the Commodore started down the river on the "Joy," and ordered the flag ship McRae to follow as soon as the next in command, Commodore Pinckney, should arrive from Memphis, where he was on leave. The fleet thus left was now under command of the commander of the McRae, Lieutenant Huger; the day after the commodore left, the fleet proceeded up the river to reconnoiter. We steamed all day and saw nothing of the enemy. Just after dark our attention was attracted by some one on shore, hailing and waiving a torch. On sending in to ascertain what was wanted, we were informed that the enemy's fleet was anchored a few miles above, around a bend in the river. We therefore anchored for the night. The next morning the "Pontchartrain" went up to reconnoiter, and sure enough found the fleet of the enemy. The Yankee gun-boats, consisting of seven tin-clads, came down in line abreast, and our flotilla started down the river at full speed. The McRae being of great draught, was obliged to follow the channel of the river. We were forced to

steam hard to keep out of range. When we reached Fort Pillow the enemy's fleet was only three or four miles astern. The Yanks came to, above the fort a few miles, and without delay began to shell it.

A few vessels now arrived at Fort Pillow from New Orleans belonging to what was known as the "Montgomery fleet." The State of Louisiana had appropriated a large sum of money for the defence of the Mississippi river. The funds were given to General Lovel, at New Orleans, and he at once set to work and had all of the powerful, fast and staunch tow-boats and ocean steamers at New Orleans fitted as rams and gun-boats. They were all strengthened and protected with wood and iron, and were really the most serviceable and formidable war vessels of the river on either side. The general superintendence of the fitting out and manning of these boats was entrusted to a steamboat captain by the name of Montgomery, who afterwards played commodore of a portion of them. Each of these gun-boats had a frigate's complement of officers, and they all wore the blue uniform of the United States navy. The officers of the "Montgomery fleet" were mostly river steamboat men, and of course were very much prejudiced against gentlemen and officers of the regular naval service; and everywhere on the river, from New Orleans to Fort Pillow, ridicule of the graduates of the naval school could be heard in all the bar-rooms and like places that steamboat men frequented and fought the battles of the Confederacy. The idle talk of those sort of people did not annoy our officers of the navy, and we all hoped that the fresh water sailors would fight up to their "brags."

Commander Pinckney having returned to Fort Pillow and assumed command of our fleet, the "McRae," in obedience to the order of Commodore Hollins, proceeded down to New Orleans, where she arrived in a few days.

The authorities of New Orleans were thoroughly alarmed for the safety of the city, and men were kept working night and day on the two great iron clads, "Mississippi" and "Louisiana." The "McRae" was ordered to fill up with coal and to go down to the forts without delay. Shortly after our arrival at New Orleans, I called on Commodore Hollins, at the St. Charles Hotel, and was very glad to learn that he proposed to give us a brush with the enemy. He told me that he intended taking the Louisiana without waiting for her engines to be finished, but to use her as a floating battery, and with the ram "Manassas" and "Montgomery"

rams (six or eight of them), the "McRae" and a number of fire-rafts, and to attack the enemy's fleet of wooden ships below the forts and drive them out of the river. A few hours afterwards I heard that the Commodore had received a dispatch from the Navy Department ordering him to Richmond.

The "McRae" arrived at the forts on the 16th of April, 1862, and anchored close into the bank just above Fort St. Phillip. The enemy's fleet was around the bend below Fort Jackson, and his mortar-boats were throwing about ten shells every minute in and around the forts. The river was obstructed by schooners anchored across the river, in line abreast, between the forts, and chains and lines were passed from vessel to vessel; but a passage was left open near each bank. The forts were well garrisoned and had a large number of the heaviest guns. There were six Montgomery rams, one Louisiana ram called the "Governor Moore," the ram "Manassas" and the "McRae," and also a number of fire-rafts and tow-boats—all on the Fort St. Phillip side of the river between that fort and the point above. On the 20th of April the large iron-clad Louisiana, mounting 16 guns of the largest and most approved pattern, arrived and anchored just above the obstructions. She was in command of Commander McIntosh, of the navy. Captain Jno. K. Mitchell was placed in command of all the boats of the Confederate navy, viz: "Louisiana," "Manassas" and "McRae." The Montgomery rams were under the command of Captain Stevenson, the designer of the "Manassas." The "Governor Moore," of the "Louisiana navy," was in charge of Lieutenant Kennon, formerly of the navy. Captain Mitchell endeavored to get control of everything afloat, but succeeded only in obtaining the consent of the other "naval" commanders to co-operate with him if they should think proper, but under no circumstances were they to receive or obey orders from any officer of the regular Confederate navy.

The "Louisiana" was in an unfinished condition; several of her guns were unmounted, and a few could not be used on account of the carriages being too high for the ports. Her machinery was not all in, and as a steamer she was regarded as a failure; it was believed by competent engineers that she would not have power sufficient to enable her to stem the current of the Mississippi river during high water. Mechanics labored day and night to get the Louisiana ready, as Captain Mitchell designed to move on the enemy as soon as that vessel could be used as a steamer. General Duncan, who commanded the fortifications of the department, and

Colonel Ed. Higgins, who commanded the forts, were both of the opinion that Captain Mitchell should drop the Louisiana below Fort St. Phillip and drive the enemy's mortar-boats out of range. The mortar shells had injured Fort Jackson somewhat, eight or ten guns having been rendered unserviceable. Fort St. Phillip was entirely uninjured, as but few shell could reach it. Captain Mitchell objected to placing the Louisiana in the position desired by the army officers, because he proposed to attack the enemy in a few days—that is, as soon as the Louisiana was ready, and he thought Fort Jackson could stand the mortars for that time; furthermore, he thought it was hazardous to place the Louisiana in mortar range, as she was not ironed on her decks, and as mortar shells fall almost perpendicularly, if one should strike her on deck it would probably sink her.

On the afternoon of April 23d I visited Fort Jackson, and with Colonel Higgins observed from the parapet of the fort the fleet below; their light spars had been sent down, and the ships were arranging themselves in lines ahead. We were both of the opinion that a move would be made on the forts the following night. So, when I returned on board the "McRae," I directed the cable to be got ready for slipping and a man stationed to unshackle it at a moment's warning; one-half of the men to be on deck; steam to be up; the guns cast loose and loaded with 5-section shell. I remained on deck until after midnight, when, retiring to my room, I cautioned the officer of the deck to keep a bright lookout down the river and call me the moment anything came in sight. At 3 A. M., I was called and informed that a steamer was coming up. In less than a minute the McRae was under way and her guns blazing at the approaching ships of the enemy. I saw the rams "Governor Moore" and "Stonewall Jackson" rushing for one of the Yankee steamers, but they were soon lost in the smoke, and I saw them no more. The commanders, officers and men of the Montgomery rams (except those of the Stonewall Jackson) deserted their vessels at the first gun and fled wildly to the woods. The enemy's gun-boats were soon through the obstructions, and turning their attention to the Confederate flotilla made short work of it. The deserted rams were set on fire and served as beacons through the darkness and smoke which hung over the river. On the McRae we had little trouble to find something to fire at, for as we were out in the river the enemy was on every side of us, and gallantly did our brave tars stand to their guns, loading and firing their guns as rapidly as

possible. Our commander, Lieutenant Huger, was what we all expected—cool and fearless, and handled the McRae splendidly. One of the enemy's shell, fired from one of the howitzers aloft, went through our decks and exploded in the sail-room, setting the ship on fire; and as there was only a pine bulkhead of 2-inch boards between the sail-room and magazine, we were in great danger of being blown up. Just then one of the large sloops-of-war ranged alongside and gave us a broadside of grape and canister, which mortally wounded our commander, wounded the pilot, carried away our wheel ropes and cut the signal halyards and took our flag overboard. New tiller ropes were rove and soon we were at close quarters with a large steamer. Just after daylight, being close into the west bank of the river, about three miles above Fort Jackson, we found one of the Montgomery rams, the "Resolute," ashore, with a white flag flying. I sent Lieutenant Arnold, with twenty men, to take charge of her and to open fire with her two heavy rifle pivots. At 7.30 A. M. we ceased firing, being at that time about four miles above the forts. In going around, to return to the batteries, our wheel ropes were again shot away, and the ship ran into the bank before her headway could be checked. Captain Mitchell sent one of the tugs to our assistance and we were soon afloat. At 8.30 we anchored near the "Louisiana." While we were aground the ram "Manassas" was discovered floating helplessly down the river. I sent a boat to her, and ascertained that she was uninjured, but had her injection pipes cut, and that it would be impossible to save her.

It was afterwards ascertained that the enemy's fleet, consisting of twenty ships, under the command of Commodore Farragut, had endeavored to run by the forts; only thirteen succeeded in passing. The advance was made in two lines *en echelon*, and the steamers passed through the gaps in the line of obstructions near each bank. The guns of the forts, being mounted mostly in *barbette*, were silenced as soon and as long as the gun-boats were in canister range. The passages through which General Duncan thought the enemy could not pass were the very ones Farragut preferred; for, as his ships carried heavy guns, and plenty of them, it was his object to get within point-blank range, so as to drive the Confederates away from the barbette guns by keeping a steady rain of canister on them. Had the "Montgomery rams" fought, or towed the fire rafts out into the current, it is very doubtful if any of the gun-boats would have passed. One of the enemy's gun-boats, the Veruna (9

guns), was gallantly assaulted by the rams "Governor Moore" and "Stonewall Jackson." The "Governor Moore" hung on to his enemy like an avenging fate, and did not quit him till he sunk him.

Every night, previous to the one the fleet passed, a fire-raft had been sent down below the obstructions, and burnt for the purpose of lighting up the river; but by a strange chance no raft was sent down that night. The importance of having the fire-raft below on that night has been greatly exaggerated; for, after the firing commenced, the smoke was so dense along the river that a dozen fire-rafts would have done but little in showing the ships to the forts. Captain Mitchell has been blamed by many for not placing the "Louisiana" in the position desired by General Duncan. Had the "Louisiana" been moored below Fort Saint Phillip there can be no doubt that she would have driven the mortar boats out of range of Fort Jackson. But by occupying that position she would have done nothing towards deterring Farragut in executing his bold move; and it is quite certain that she would not have been more serviceable against steamers under way in one place more than another. The day after the fleet passed the forts I was ordered by Captain Mitchell to transfer all the officers and men (except barely enough to run the vessel) from the "McRae" to the "Louisiana," and to carry on board all the Confederate sick and wounded, and to proceed to New Orleans under a flag of truce. The "McRae" had been badly cut up in upper works and rigging during the action, besides having several large shots through her near the water-line, which caused her to leak badly; her smoke-stack was so riddled that it would scarcely stand, and the draft was so much affected that it was difficult to keep steam in the boilers.

I applied to Captain Mitchell for permission to take the "McRae's" crew, get the ram "Resolute" afloat, and at night to go down, ram one of the mortar fleet, and go on a raid on the coast of New England. The "Resolute" was well protected; had two large pivot guns, was full of coal and supplies, was a sea-going steamer, and was faster than any war vessel the enemy had. Captain Mitchell replied that my proposition would be considered. The following day the enemy's fleet at the quarantine attacked the "Resolute" and succeeded in planting a shell forward below the water line, which exploded and rendered her useless.

On the morning of the 26th the "McRae" started up the river under a flag of truce. At the quarantine I went on board the

steamer "Mississippi," and received permission from the commanding officer of the squadron to pass his lines with the cartel. On account of the condition of the "McRae's" smoke-stack we could get but a small head of steam, and consequently but slow progress against the strong current. We passed various floating wrecks, which told us too plainly of the destruction of our shipping at New Orleans. While we all deplored the loss of our rams and gunboats, and the successful advance of such a large number of formidable ships of the enemy, we confidently expected that the Confederate commanders at New Orleans would use our resources above in such a way as to make Farragut repent his bold undertaking; for we well knew that the iron-clad "Mississippi" had been launched at New Orleans and was nearly ready for service, and that the rest of Hollins' fleet and eight Montgomery rams, then above Memphis, could soon descend the rapid current of the Mississippi river; besides, the large number of river and ocean steamers on the river could have been readily and easily converted into rams and used successfully against Farragut's wooden fleet. The "Mississippi" was a most formidable iron-clad, with plenty of power, and was to mount twenty of the heaviest guns. She could have been ready for action within ten days after the enemy passed the forts. The lower forts were uninjured, and had six months' provisions, and were supported by the iron-clad battery "Louisiana."

About 10 A. M., April 27, the "McRae" arrived in front of the city. Farragut's fleet was anchored in the stream abreast of New Orleans, and was treating for the surrender. Getting permission to land our wounded, the "McRae" was anchored at the foot of Canal street, and all of our poor fellows were landed safely that afternoon. I went on shore to see our commander, Lieutenant Huger, carried to his residence, and returned on board about 6 P. M. The donkey-engine had been going steadily since the fight, but having become disabled the water was rapidly gaining. I put the crew to work at the bilge-pumps. The steamer commenced dragging just after dark. All the chain was paid out, but she would not bring up; but getting in the eddy, near the Algiers shore, she swung around several times, striking once against one of the sunken dry docks, which caused the ship to make water more freely. The pumps were kept going until daylight next morning. The shot holes having got below the water, the steamer settled fast, and we were obliged to abandon her. The crew had hardly reached the

shore when our good old ship went down. I went on board the enemy's flag-ship and reported the occurrence. On the 29th I had prepared to return to the forts in one of the small boats of the "McRae," when, going to the mayor's office to get the flag-of-truce mail, I was astonished to learn that the forts had surrendered, and that the "Louisiana" had been blown up. I went down on the levy and met a number of the officers and men of the forts and gun-boats, and learned that the surrender had been brought about by a mutiny in Fort Jackson. Late on the night of the 27th the officers of that fort awoke to find that about two hundred of the garrison were under arms, had spiked some of the guns, and demanded that the very liberal terms offered the day previous by Commodore Porter, of the enemy's mortar fleet, be accepted. General Duncan and officers appealed to the men to stand by their colors and country; that the forts were in good condition and could hold out many months. But the mutineers were firm, and insisted on an immediate surrender. General Duncan then promised that the forts should be surrendered at daylight.

The men who thus deserted their country in her dark hour were mostly of foreign birth and low origin, and had been demoralized by the mortar shells, the contentions between the military and naval commanders, the discouraging tone of army officers' conversations, and the liberal terms offered by Porter. So at early dawn a boat was sent down to inform the enemy that his terms would be accepted. Fort Saint Phillip, on the opposite side of the river, was entirely unhurt, and was well supplied and had a full garrison of true men. The "Louisiana" mounted sixteen heavy guns, and was invulnerable. Comment is unnecessary.

Before the fleet passed the forts I talked freely with the officers ashore and afloat, and but one of them would admit the bare possibility of the enemy's steamers being able to run the batteries. Colonel Edward Higgins (afterwards Brigadier-General and one of the most gallant soldiers in the Confederate army) told me on the afternoon of the 23d of April—the eve of the attack—that the fleet could pass at any time, and probably would pass that very night! When the "McRae" came down the river, in the summer of 1861, Duncan had command of the forts. I heard him say one day that all the vessels in the world could not pass his forts; that the forts had once driven back the fleet of Great Britain; and that at that time the forts were nothing compared to what they were in 1861. It did not seem to occur to Duncan that the English ships were sailing ves-

sels, sailing against a strong current; that they were "crank and tall," and mounted 24-pounders, long-nines, and such like small ordnance. He was oblivious of the fact that modern war ships carried huge 11-inch pivots and 9-inch broadside guns, and that double stand of grape and canister were prescribed by the naval manual of the United States.

At Jackson, Mississippi, shortly after the fall of New Orleans, I met several of my naval friends, who had been in the city when the news of Farragut's passing the forts was known, and from them I heard the particulars of the destruction of the great iron-clad steamer "Mississippi." There was no real effort made to get that vessel up the river; two river steamboats, poorly commanded and miserably handled, made a show of trying to tow the iron-clad, humbugged a few minutes, and then set her on fire. The assertion that the Mississippi could not have been towed up to Vicksburg by the steamers at New Orleans is perfectly absurd. The large flat-bottomed, square-ended floating battery, built at New Orleans, was easily towed up to Columbus. The naval steamer "Joy" was a regular lower river tow-boat. The magnificent steam ship "Star of the West," one of the Pacific mail steamers, a powerful double walking beam engine ship of over 3,000 tons, was in command of a Lieutenant Bier, but instead of taking hold of the "Mississippi"—the hope of the great Southwest—he steamed gallantly away. The "Mississippi" could have towed under the guns at Vicksburg, and in ten days would have been ready for service. She was invulnerable to any shot the enemy had at that time, and as the enemy had only wooden ships below, there can be no doubt that Farragut's fleet would have been driven out of the river or destroyed.

After the fall of New Orleans I proceeded to Richmond, and there received orders to report to Commander Pinkney for duty in the fleet formerly commanded by Commodore Hollins. I lost no time in getting out West. At Memphis I got on a river steamer and started up to report. At this time the ridicule of "Hollin's fleet" was so great and general, that I was really ashamed to own that I was on my way to join it, and it was only the hope of getting on detached duty that prevented me from throwing up my commission in the navy and joining the army. At Randolph, a few miles below Fort Pillow, I found Commander Pinkney with the gun-boats "Polk" and "Livingston." He gave me command of two heavy guns, mounted on a bluff four miles below Randolph. The guns of the "Polk" and "Livingston" had been placed in

batteries on shore at Randolph. It was hard to understand why the guns had been taken off the gun-boats. Randolph could not hold out if Fort Pillow fell, and as Pinkney had no infantry supports, he was at the mercy of the Yankee raiders by land. At this time there were eight of the "Montgomery" rams at Fort Pillow; they had had an engagement with the enemy, and all the steam-boatmen were jubilant. On the 4th of May, 1862, General Jeff. Thompson was placed in command of the "Montgomery" fleet, and at once determined to see what they could do. The enemy's fleet of tin-clads, mortar-boats and transports, were around the bend above Fort Pillow. Thompson proposed to ram the tin-clads, and asked Commander Pinkney to go up and use the guns of his four gun-boats against the mortar-boats, and against light draft-boats that might run into shoal water; but the "Artful Dodger" could not see it, and so old Jeff. went up with the rams, and without much system went in, rammed one or two of the Yankee vessels, which were only saved from sinking by running into shoal water. The fight lasted only a few minutes, and the Confederates dropped back under the guns of Fort Pillow. The Montgomery rams were uninjured, having resisted the heaviest shot at close quarters. Had Pinkney co-operated more might have been accomplished.

One month after this attack the Confederates evacuated Fort Pillow. As soon as Commander Pinkney heard of the evacuation, he hurried away, leaving everything standing—the executive officer of the Polk, Lieutenant Stone, disobeyed orders, and saved two guns. The gun-boats left Randolph twenty-four hours before the last transport got away from Fort Pillow. The gun-boats "Maurapas" and "Pontchartrain" had already been sent up White river, where, under the gallant Commanders Fry and Dunnington, they did efficient service. The "Livingston" and "Polk" succeeded in getting up the Yazoo river to Liverpool landing. As soon as the enemy learned that Fort Pillow had been evacuated, Foote's fleet started down, and on June 5th arrived in sight of Memphis. The bluffs at Memphis were crowded with people upon the approach of the enemy's fleet. The Montgomery rams, jeered, hooted and cheered by the populace, turned and advanced to meet the Yankee gun-boats, but their courage failed them under fire, and they ignominiously burnt the rams, and the crews crawled and scampered over the levees for safety. One of the rams, the "Van Dorn," being a "little lame"—unable to steam over 15 miles an hour—started on a retreat early, and hence escaped, and joined Pinkney up the Yazoo.

I had been in command of the battery below Randolph but a few days, when I received orders to dismount my guns and ship them up White river to Lieutenant Fry. I was then sent to Vicksburg to recruit men for Pinkney's boats.

Just before the evacuation of Fort Pillow the Confederates had launched at Memphis a very pretty little gun-boat called "Arkansas." She was about four hundred tons, double propeller, was to be iron-clad, and to mount ten guns. When the news reached Memphis that our people were evacuating Fort Pillow, the "Arkansas" and all of the river transports were run up the Yazoo river, where they were protected by batteries on shore and a raft across the stream. Pinkney's boats and the "Van Dorn" arrived at Liverpool landing too late to get above the raft. The two guns saved by Lieutenant Stone were placed on shore, and several smaller guns were also mounted. The sailors and Mississippi troops manned the batteries. The crews of the gun-boats lived on board.

The unfinished "Arkansas" was towed up to Yazoo City. The officer in charge of her seemed indifferent as to the time of her completion. The leading citizens of the town telegraphed to Richmond and asked that an energetic officer be placed in command and the steamer be got ready without delay. Accordingly the Department detailed Lieutenant I. N. Brown, of the navy, to superintend the work and to assume command. When Lieutenant Brown arrived in Yazoo City he found the "Arkansas" without any iron on her, her ports not cut, and in fact quite a lot of work to be done by carpenters and machinists. The barge which had brought down the iron for the shield or covering for the casemate had been carelessly sunken in the Yazoo river. Lieutenant Brown was untiring in his efforts to complete his vessel. He took some stringent measures; imprisoned several people who were disposed to trifl with him; he allowed no one under his command to be idle; he issued orders to press all the blacksmiths and mechanics in the country for a hundred miles around; the barge of iron was raised; officers were dispatched with all haste to hurry forward guns, carriages, ammunition, etc., and all workmen were obliged to live on board a transport steamer alongside the "Arkansas"; work was continued day and night; the sound of the artisan's hammer did not cease until the ship was ready for battle.

A few days after Lieutenant Brown took charge of the "Arkansas" I arrived in Yazoo City and reported to him for duty. He directed me to load a steamer with cotton and go down to Liverpool land-

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ing and protect the gun-boats "Polk" and "Livingston" with cotton bales, to moor their head down stream, to keep steam up, and be prepared to ram any boats of the enemy that might venture up. Lieutenant Brown went down with me, but when we got there Commander Pinkney informed us that he had changed his mind, and would not leave until the arrival of Commodore Lynch, who was on his way to the command of all the naval forces of the West. Having placed the cotton as directed, I returned with Captain Brown to Yazoo City. A day or two afterwards Commodore Lynch arrived. Captain Brown had orders to obey all orders from General Van Dorn, and to make no move without the sanction of that officer. Commodore Lynch, having inspected the "Arkansas," ordered me to Jackson, Mississippi, to telegraph the Secretary of War as follows: "The 'Arkansas' is very inferior to the 'Merrimac' in every particular; the iron with which she is covered is worn and indifferent, taken from a railroad track, and is poorly secured to the vessel; boiler-iron on stern and counter; her smoke-stack is sheet-iron." When I returned to Yazoo City the "Arkansas" was ready for service. Her battery consisted of ten guns—viz: two 8-inch columbiads in the two forward or bow ports, two 9-inch Dahlgren shell guns, two 6-inch rifles, and two 32-pounders smooth bores in broadside, and two 6-inch rifles astern. Her engines were new, having been built at Memphis, and on the trial trip worked well. As the ship had two propellers and separate engines, she could be worked or handled conveniently. The boilers were in the hold and below the water line. The speed was fair—say nine knots. We had a full complement of officers and about two hundred men. All were anxious for the time to come when we could show the enemy that he could not lay idly in our waters. We started down the river the day the work was finished. On our way down we received intelligence that a small steamer of the enemy was some miles below the rafts and batteries. So we hurried on down, firing a gun now and then to let Pinkney and the batteries know we were coming. On rounding the point above the obstructions or rafts, we could see the men at the guns on the bluffs, but as they had not fired we were satisfied that the enemy was not yet in range. Our attention was soon attracted to the gun-boats "Polk" and "Livingston," moored just below the obstructions. Smoke was seen issuing from their cabins and hatches. Captain Brown promptly ordered all our small boats manned, and sent them to extinguish the fire; but they got alongside the boats

too late, as Pinkney had done his cowardly work too well. We soon ascertained that a small stern-wheel, high-pressure, river steamboat, protected with hay, had approached nearly as far as Sartarsia, or about five miles off the batteries, when, perceiving our fortifications, had quickly retreated. The two gun-boats fired and abandoned by Pinkney, being full of cotton, burned rapidly; and the lines by which they had been fastened to the banks being consumed, the boats drifted down the river. One of them getting foul of the iron-clad ram "Van Dorn" set her on fire, and she too was added to the loss of the "Polk" and "Livingston."

The following day I was sent with one of the pilots to sound the bar at Sartarsia. We found plenty of water for the "Arkansas," but the pilot stated that if the river continued to fall as it had been doing for several days, that in five more days there would not be enough water for the "Arkansas" to get down. The man who had placed the rafts said they could not be moved inside of a week. Captain Brown instructed Lieutenants Grimbail, Gift and myself to examine the obstructions, and report if it was practicable to remove them, so as to allow the "Arkansas" to pass through; and if so, in what time the work could be done. We visited the rafts, and after a careful examination reported that they could be removed in less than half an hour.

A short time before this the large up-river fleet of the enemy (now under command of Commodore Davis, United States navy), which had fought its way from Columbus, Kentucky, had arrived above Vicksburg, and had been joined by the victorious fleet of sea-going ships under the indomitable Farragut. The mortar fleets above and below Vicksburg were thundering away at that stronghold, and a large land force were ready to act in concert with the enemy's overwhelming armada.

Captain Brown, the commander of the "Arkansas," while being very anxious to comply with the unanimous wish of his officers and men—to attack the enemy—was of the opinion that the ship should remain above the obstruction strictly on the defensive. He said that there were a large number of fine steamers in the Yazoo, and the valley of that river was capable of furnishing an immense amount of supplies to our armies, and that the river and valley could be held by the "Arkansas" and proper batteries; that if the "Arkansas" went down and attacked the combined fleets of the enemy, it would be impossible to destroy them or even to cripple them seriously. But if the Government or General Van Dorn de-

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sired it, he (Captain Brown) would willingly go down and do his best. Captain Brown decided therefore to consult with General Van Dorn without delay; so I was directed to go to Vicksburg and explain our position and Captain Brown's views, and ask for instruction. I was also to reconnoiter the position of the enemy's fleets above Vicksburg. About sunset, July, 1862, I left Liverpool landing, and set out on my mission, riding all night—some fifty miles. I was in Vicksburg about eight o'clock next morning. On entering the town I was fortunate enough to come upon the headquarters of Colonel Withers, of the artillery, where I was hospitably received, had a good breakfast, and went with the Colonel to call on General Van Dorn. The General thoroughly appreciated the importance of holding the Yazoo river, but he thought that as the "Arkansas" could only be used during the high-water season, that she could not materially assist in defending the river. He thought that the "Arkansas" could run by the gun-boats above Vicksburg and attack the "Brooklyn" and mortar-schooners below town, or run by everything about Vicksburg and destroy the small gun-boats scattered along the lower river in detail, pass out of the Mississippi river and go to Mobile. He therefore ordered Captain Brown to move at once with his steamer, and act as his judgment should dictate.

After leaving General Van Dorn's headquarters I proceeded, in company with one of Colonel Withers' officers, up the bank of the river to reconnoiter. It was late in the afternoon before we got up abreast with the fleets. The woods were so dense and entangled with vines and briars that we were obliged to dismount and grope our way through the best we could. I had a good field-glass, and watched the vessels carefully some time. Farragut's fleet consisted of thirteen heavy sloops-of-war, mounting tremendous batteries, and were anchored in line ahead near the east bank. I was satisfied that none of them had steam up. The fleet of Commodore Davis numbered over thirty iron-clads and six or eight rams. They were moored to the west bank, nearly opposite Farragut's fleet. Below Davis' fleet were about thirty mortar-boats. Davis' vessels appeared to have steam up. While we were making our observations a man-of-war cutter landed near us, but the crew did not suspect our presence. About dark that night I left Vicksburg and rode until two o'clock next morning, when, feeling much fatigued, I stopped at a planter's house and rested until daylight. The following day I arrived at Liverpool landing. The next morning a

passage was made in the obstruction. The "Arkansas" dropped through and below the bar at Sartaria. Commodore Lynch now arrived from Yazoo City and proposed to go down with us. When he informed Captain Brown of his intentions, Brown remarked, "Well, Commodore, I will be glad if you go down with us, but as this vessel is too small for two captains, if you go I will take charge of a gun and attend to that." Commodore Lynch replied, "Very well, Captain, you may go; I will stay. May God bless you!" The good old Commodore then called all the officers around him, and said he knew they would do their duty; and he hoped they would all go through the fight safely, and live to see our country free from her invaders. He then bade us all good-bye and returned to the city.

The next morning, July 14th, 1862, the "Arkansas" started down the river, and arrived at Hames' Bluff just after dark, where we anchored until 2 A. M. next day, when getting under way the ship was cleared for battle, and we steamed slowly down. Daylight found us seven or eight miles above the mouth of the river. The morning was warm and perfectly calm; the dense volume of black smoke which issued from our funnel, rose high above the trees, and we knew that the enemy would soon be on the lookout for us. Pretty soon we discovered smoke above the trees below, winding along the course of the crooked Yazoo. The men of the "Arkansas" were now all at their stations, the guns were loaded and cast loose, their tackles in the hands of willing seamen ready to train; primers in the vents; locks thrown back and the lanyards in the hands of the gun captains; the decks sprinkled with sand and tourniquets and bandages at hand; tubs filled with fresh water were between the guns, and down in the berth deck were the surgeons with their bright instruments, stimulants and lint, while along the passage-ways stood rows of men to pass powder, shell and shot, and all was quiet save the dull thump, thump, of the propellers. Steadily the little ship moved onward towards her enemies, but she had not gone far, when about a mile below, a large iron-clad mounting 13 heavy guns steamed slowly around a bend, and was no doubt terribly astonished to see the "Arkansas" making for him, for he turned around as quickly as he could and started down the river. Our two forward guns opened on him with solid shot. He replied with his three stern guns, his shot passing over us, or striking harmlessly on our shield forward. Two wooden gun-boats soon came up, and passing their fleeing consort advanced boldly to meet us, but a few

well directed shot made them turn tail and again pass their friend, who knew what a tartar they had caught! Slowly but surely we gained on the iron-clad, our shot raking him and making dreadful havoc on his crowded decks. The wooden vessels ahead of her kept up a brisk fire with their rifle guns. One of their shot striking our pilot house, drove in some fragments of iron, which mortally wounded both the Yazoo river pilots, and slightly wounded Captain Brown in the head. As one of the pilots was being taken below, he said "keep in the middle of the river." We had decreased our distance from the iron-clad rapidly, and were only a hundred yards astern, our shot still raking him, when he ceased firing and sheered into the bank; our engines were stopped, and ranging up alongside, with the muzzles of our guns touching him, we poured in a broadside of solid shot, when his colors came down. As we had no pilot, Captain Brown considered it unsafe to stop. So on we pushed, driving the two fleeing boats ahead of us, our speed decreasing all the time, owing to shot holes in the smoke stack; but in a few minutes the "Arkansas" glided out into the broad Mississippi, right into the midst of the hostile fleet. The Yankee tars were soon at their guns, and shot and shell came quick and fast upon our single little ship. Enemies being on all sides of us, our guns were blazing destruction and defiance in every direction. Soon three large rams were seen rushing down the river towards us. The "Arkansas" turned and steamed up to meet them; the leading ram had got within a hundred yards of us, when a well aimed shot, fired by the cool and intrepid Lieutenant Gift, from one of the bow guns, struck the ram's boiler and blew him up. The other two rams, fearing a similar fate, turned and fled. Our steam was now so low that we could manoeuvre with difficulty. Turning head down stream we made for Farragut's fleet, and gave them the best we had at close quarters; they replied briskly and seldom missed us; two of their eleven-inch solid shot crushed through our sides, doing fearful execution amongst our men. Slowly we went, fighting our way right and left, until presently we had passed our enemies, and were received with loud hurrahs from the Confederate soldiers on the heights of Vicksburg.

With much difficulty the "Arkansas" was rounded to and secured to the bank in front of the city. The iron on her port side, though pierced but twice, had been so often struck with heavy projectiles that it was very much loosened. A few more shots would have caused nearly all of it to have fallen from the vessel. Our

dead were sent on shore to be buried; the sick and wounded carried to the hospital; the decks were washed down, and the crew went to breakfast. We were visited by Generals Van Dorn and Breckinridge, who complimented us highly and offered us any assistance we required.

Below Vicksburg there was only one sloop-of-war—the "Brooklyn"—and Porter's mortar-schooners and a number of steam-transports. As soon as the "Arkansas" had appeared in front of Vicksburg one of the schooners was set on fire, and it was apparent that the enemy was much alarmed. Had the "Arkansas" been in a condition to have manœuvred she could easily have captured or destroyed that entire flotilla. Our engineers went to work at once to repair the smoke-stack, but it was late in the afternoon before it was in any kind of shape, and it was then considered too late to make a move. Had not our gun-boats in the Yazoo been uselessly destroyed by Pinkney, there can be no doubt that Captain Brown could, with their assistance, have injured the enemy far more than he did with the "Arkansas" alone. The "Polk" and the "Livingston" had been well protected with cotton; and the "Van Dorn" was an ironclad ram, had great speed, was easily handled, and had resisted shot that could penetrate the sides of the "Arkansas." Had those three steamers been with the "Arkansas," the enemy's fire would not have been concentrated as it was on that vessel, and she could have fought to more advantage.

Just before dark the enemy's gun-boats above Vicksburg were observed to be in motion, and we had no doubt that Farragut meant to fight. After dark we noticed a range light on the opposite bank abreast of us, evidently intended to point out our position. So we shifted our moorings a few hundred yards lower down. A severe thunder-storm now came on, accompanied by torrents of rain. Shortly rapid and heavy firing was heard at the upper batteries, and a signal came to us that the gun-boats were passing down. We went to our guns, and in a minute were ready for battle. And we had not long to wait, for a large sloop-of-war was observed moving slowly down near the bank, until he was opposite the light on the other shore, when he delivered a broadside into the bank where the "Arkansas" had been laying before dark. As soon as he had fired, our two bow-guns told him where we were; and as he ranged up alongside of us our broadside guns rattled their heavy shells through him; and when he passed, our two stern-rifles turned him over to the lower batteries. Soon another vessel came on as

the first had done, and was served the same way. Another and another came, until fourteen had passed. The "Arkansas" was struck only once, and that was a well-directed shot (11-inch) fired from the "Richmond." It struck near the water-line, passed through the port-side into the dispensary, on the berth-deck opposite the engine-room, mashed up all the drugs, etc., carried in an ugly lot of iron fragments and splinters, passed over the engine-room, grazed the steam-chimney, and lodged in the opposite side of the ship. Several of the firemen and one of the pilots were killed and an engineer wounded.

The next morning (July 16th) at nine o'clock the enemy opened on us from all their mortar-boats above and below town, throwing their huge 13-inch shells thick and fast around us. As the mortar-shells fell with terrible force almost perpendicularly, and as the "Arkansas" was unprotected on upper-decks, boilers amidship, a magazine and shell-room at each end, it was very evident that if she was struck by one of those heavy shells, it would be the last of her. Her moorings were changed frequently to impair the enemy's range; but the enterprising Yankees shelled us continually, their shell often exploding a few feet above decks and sending their fragments into the decks.

When the "Arkansas" started down the Yazoo her crew were seamen with the exception of about fifty soldiers—volunteers from a Mississippi regiment. The seamen had been on the Yazoo swamps some time, and in consequence were troubled with chills and fever. Many had been killed, a large number wounded, and a greater portion of the remainder sent to the hospital on our arrival at Vicksburg. The day after we reached the city the Missouri volunteers, who had agreed to serve only for the trip, went on shore and joined their commands; so we were now very short-handed. Captain Brown asked General Van Dorn to fill up our complement from the army, which he readily assented to do, provided the men would volunteer, and make application for transfer through proper channels. At first quite a number volunteered, but when they got on board and saw the shot-holes through the vessel's sides, and heard sailors' reports of the terrible effect of shell and splinters, and were made aware of the danger of the mortar-shell that fell continually around the ship, those volunteers found many pretexts to go back to their commands; many took the "shell fever" and went to the hospital. As a general thing, soldiers are not much use on board ship, particularly volunteers, who are not accustomed

to the discipline and routine of a man-of-war. A scene that occurred on board the "Arkansas" one day at Vicksburg is illustrative. We were engaged hauling the ship into a position near one of our batteries; but having but few sailors to haul on the wharf we were progressing slowly, when Lieutenant Stevens, the executive officer, came on deck, and perceiving a crowd of volunteers sitting on deck playing cards, he said, rather sharply, "Come, volunteers, that won't do; get up from there and give us a pull." One of the players looked up at Lieutenant Stevens and replied, "Oh! hell! we aint no deck hands;" and eyeing the man sitting opposite to him, was heard to say, "I go you two better!"

Both of our surgeons being sick, Captain Brown telegraphed out into the interior of Mississippi for medical volunteers. In a day or two a long, slim doctor came in from Clinton; and as he was well recommended, Captain Brown gave him an acting appointment as surgeon, and directed him to report to Lieutenant Stevens for duty. It was early in the morning when he arrived; the enemy had not commenced their daily pastime of shelling us; the ship's decks had been cleanly washed down, the awnings spread, and everything was neat and orderly. The doctor took breakfast in the ward-room, and seemed delighted with the vessel generally. Before the regular call to morning inspection the officer of the powder division started around below to show the new medical officer his station during action, and the arrangement for disposing of the wounded, etc., etc. In going along the berth-deck the officer remarked to the doctor that in a battle there was plenty to do, as the wounded came down in a steady stream. The "medico" looked a little incredulous; but a few minutes afterwards, when he perceived the road through which an 11-inch shell had come, his face lengthened perceptibly; and after awhile, when the big shell began to fall around the vessel, he became rather nervous. He would stand on the companion-ladder and watch the smoke rise from the mortar-vessels, and would wait until he heard the whizzing of the shell through the air, when he would make a dive for his state-room. As soon as the shell fell he would go up and watch out for another. Occasionally, when a shell would explode close to us, or fall with a heavy splash alongside, he would be heard to groan, "Oh! Louisa and the babes!"

At daylight on the 22d of July, 1862, the iron-clad fleet above Vicksburg dropped down and commenced firing rapidly at our upper batteries. Farragut's fleet engaged the lower batteries, and

the mortar fleets opened upon the city and forts. The "Arkansas" was cleared for battle, but when the crew were mustered only 41 men answered to their names on the gun-deck. The cannonading was tremendous, and fairly shook the earth. In about half an hour after the firing had begun, a large iron-clad, the "Essex," emerged from the smoke above and made directly for the "Arkansas." When he was fifty yards from us our two bow guns were discharged at him, but on he came, and running against us fired a ten-inch solid shot into our larboard forward port; the shot ranging aft, swept 20 men, more than half the force on the gun-deck. The iron-clad swung alongside of us, when we gave him our port broadside with guns depressed—which apparently disabled him, for he ceased firing and drifted down the river. We had not reloaded our guns when a large ram was discovered steaming at full speed for us. The "Arkansas" was headed for him, and the vessels collided with an awful crash, broadside to broadside. The ram passed around the stern of the "Arkansas" and ran into the bank under the batteries. Had our stern guns been loaded then we could have destroyed the ram, as his bows were entirely out of the water, and he was but a short distance from us. The ram kept backing hard, and soon got afloat. Another ram now came down, but a broadside from the Arkansas disabled him, and his consort took him in tow, and succeeded in getting him up the river out of the range. The gun-boats then withdrew from action, and the firing ceased on both sides.

On the afternoon of July 24th, 1862, all of the enemy's vessels, above and below, were seen to be under way. We got ready, expecting a general attack; but were agreeably disappointed, for they all steamed away and abandoned the seige.

Though a great many shell had been thrown into Vicksburg, very little damage had been done. The citizens began to return, and business to some extent was resumed.

A number of Mechanics came from Jackson and Mobile and went to work repairing the injuries the "Arkansas" had received. The old pilot-house was taken off, and a new one was to be made. Captain Brown being in bad health, took a few days leave of absence, leaving Lieutenant Stevens in command.

Major-General John C. Breckinridge now proposed an expedition, and wished the "Arkansas" to co-operate. It was known that the enemy had several thousand men at Baton Rouge, and that the iron-clad "Essex" and a small wooden gun-boat was all the

force afloat. It was proposed that General Breckinridge should move with his division by rail to Tangipahoa, a station on the New Orleans and Jackson railroad, thirty miles from Baton Rouge, and make a forced night march to that place, which he would attack at daylight. The "Arkansas" was to attack the gun-boats simultaneously. Lieutenant Stevens did not like to move with the "Arkansas" while Captain Brown was absent, and he preferred that General Breckinridge would wait until the repairs were completed and until Captain Brown should return. But General Breckinridge was anxious for the vessel to go without delay. As no Confederate could refuse to comply with the wish of one so universally loved and respected as General Breckinridge, Lieutenant Stevens consented to go, and at once began getting the ship ready. A full complement of men was obtained and organized, and at two A. M., August 4th, we started down the river. The "Arkansas" behaved well, and made with the current about fifteen miles an hour. We steamed on down during all the next day, passing many signs of the wanton and barbarous destruction of property by the enemy. The people on the river banks gathered around the burnt and charred remains of their once happy homes, and hailed with exclamations of delight the sight of their country's flag, and the gallant little "Arkansas" moving down to chastise the savage foe.

The next morning at one o'clock, being about fifteen miles below Port Hudson, the engines suddenly stopped. I was officer of the deck at the time, and learning from the engineer that he could not go ahead for some time, I rounded the vessel to, and let go the anchor. All of the engineers were called and started to work to get the machinery in order. Each engineer had a different idea of what should be done. On the Yazoo, and until the "Arkansas" arrived at Vicksburg, we had a chief engineer who was a thorough mechanic and engineer, but at Vicksburg he was taken with the fever, and was at the hospital unable for duty when the steamer started for Baton Rouge. All of the other engineers were incompetent to run such engines as those of the "Arkansas," but they were the only ones to be had there at that time. They were mostly engineers who had served their time with the simple high-pressure engines of the Mississippi river boats; a few were navy engineers who had been in the service but a year or two, and had no practical experience. But they were all true, good men, and no doubt did their best.

At daylight we were under way again, and proceeded on our way down. We could hear the guns of Breckinridge, and we had hopes of being able to reach Baton Rouge in time to be of service. As we were steaming rapidly down the river, around the point above Baton Rouge, our crew at quarters, and the sound of the conflict on shore cheering our anxious men, the starboard engine stopped; the port engine continuing to go ahead at full speed, turned the vessel quickly towards the bank, when, an eddy catching her bow and the swift current sweeping her stern down stream, she was irresistibly shoved ashore, where she wedged herself amongst the cypress stumps hard and fast. The engineers went to work to repair damages. An anchor was run out into the stream, and every exertion made to get the vessel afloat. In the afternoon a messenger arrived on board from General Breckinridge, saying that the enemy had been driven through the town, and that they were on the river bank protected by the gun-boats; that if we could get down by next morning at daylight, General Breckinridge would attack again, and would probably bag the whole party of Yankees. About sunset the "Arkansas" was afloat and the engines reported in order. Lieutenant Stevens decided to go up about two miles and take in coal, until it was time to start down.

In going into the landing at the coal pile, one of the engines gave way again and the vessel grounded, but was soon got afloat, and in an hour or two was again reported all right. At 3 A. M. next day we got under way and proceeded down the river, and arriving near the point, something broke about the machinery, and we were obliged to stop. The steamer was secured to the bank. Lieutenant Stevens now thought that the engines could not be depended upon, and determined to get the vessel in a good position for defence, and to hold on as long as possible, or until good engineers could be obtained, and the engines put in proper order. Accordingly the vessel was hauled, stern in, to a gap in the bank and secured. She thus presented her strongest points to the river.

About seven o'clock that morning, several gun-boats were seen coming up from Baton Rouge, but they approached the "Arkansas" cautiously, for though they were aware of her being disabled, they knew how hard she could hit. The iron-clad "Essex" came up within a quarter of a mile of us, and opened fire with his three bow guns. The senior engineer now came on deck, and reported in a loud voice: "The engines are in good order, sir." The crew cheered;

Lieut. Stevens gave the order to let go the lines; the engines started ahead slow, and the little ship moved out into the stream. The bell was struck to go ahead at "full speed," when the port engine went ahead fast and the starboard engine stopped. The vessel went into the bank on top of the stumps, with her stern towards the enemy. The stern guns being in my division, I opened as soon as they bore, and had fired a few rounds, when I was ordered by Lieut. Stevens to take my men on shore with their small arms. The steamer was set on fire, and soon blew up. The stern of the Arkansas had only boiler iron to protect it, and as any shot striking there could not fail to penetrate the magazines or boilers, Mr. Stevens thought it useless to run the risk of having his entire crew blown up. A truer friend to the South, a cooler or braver man than Lieutenant Stevens never lived, though there were not wanting newspaper editors and other bomb-proof critics to defame him as a coward and traitor.

The crew of the Arkansas proceeded to Jackson, Mississippi, where we were soon joined by our men who had recovered from the swamp fever and slight wounds, so that we then mustered 400 strong. Captain Brown having returned from leave, took command of us, and shortly afterwards we were ordered to Port Hudson.

When we arrived at that place, we found four twenty-four pound seige guns (rifled), and one 42-pounder, smooth bore. We manned those guns and kept a sharp lookout for our old friend, the Essex, and a small gun-boat that had gone on a pirating expedition up the river.

On the night of September 7th, our lookout signaled that the "Essex" was coming down. We waited quietly at quarters until the Essex and her consort alongside of her got close under the battery, when we opened fire; our men worked lively and we pounded away in fine style. The "Essex," after getting at "long taw," fired a few wild shots and passed on down.

Large working parties soon arrived at Port Hudson, and commenced to throw up batteries all along the bluffs, and to construct field works in the rear. Some cavalry, light artillery, and a regiment of heavy artillerymen, arrived under command of General Beal, who took charge of us all.

About a week afterwards I was ordered by General Beal to proceed to Atlanta, Georgia, and attend to forwarding ordnance stores. When I had got as far as Jackson, Mississippi, I was taken with the fever, and had to lay by. I telegraphed my orders to Lieutenant McCorkle, and then went out to Raymond to get well. In a few

days I received a letter from Captain Brown, saying that his command had been ordered to Yazoo City, and for me to join him there as soon as I was able to travel. On my way to take the train, I received a dispatch from Lieutenant Commanding John N. Maffitt, at Mobile, stating that I had been ordered to the steamer Florida, and to hurry on and join her. Being perfectly delighted with the prospect of getting to sea, I lost no time in reporting on board that ship.

C. W. READ,

*New Orleans, Louisiana.*

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**Letter from Captain William L. Ritter.**

**Rev. JOHN WILLIAM JONES,**

*Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:*

Dear Sir—The February number of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* contains an article from Major J. L. Brent in relation to the capture of the iron-clad "Indianola," in which mention is made of the name of Sergeant Edward H. Langley, of the Third Maryland Artillery, who had immediate charge of the two Parrot-guns aboard the "Queen of the West." As Sergeant Langley belonged to the battery of which I was a member, I desire to relate a few incidents connected with the closing scenes of his life, and to mention the fate of his successor, Lieutenant William Thompson Patten.

When the two gun detachments were put aboard the steamer "Archer," January 23d, 1863, and sent down the river in charge of Sergeant Langley, there was but one commissioned officer with the battery in Vicksburg, the others having not yet arrived from Tennessee.

On the 26th the steamer "De Soto," a ferry-boat, was captured by the enemy at Johnson's Landing, a few miles below Vicksburg, on the west side of the river, where the Captain had stopped the boat to take on some wood. February 2d the "Queen of the West" passed by the batteries at Vicksburg and steamed down the river. On the 4th she returned to Johnson's Landing, where she remained a few days; and then, in company with the "De Soto," proceeded down the Mississippi and up Red river to Fort De Russey, where she was captured by our forces. As soon as the "Queen" was repaired, Sergeant Langley's two gun detachments were transferred from the "Archer" to the "Queen."

A correspondent, in speaking of the fight with the "Indianola," says: "In closing this article, we cannot refrain mentioning specially the conduct of Sergeant E. H. Langley, one of the Third Maryland Artillery. He had on the 'Queen' two detachments of his artillery, and was placed in charge of the two Parrot guns. He himself took command of the 86-pounder gun on the bow of the 'Queen,' where he remained during the action, neither he or his gallant comrades ever leaving their posts for a moment. While the bow of the 'Queen' was still resting against the side of the 'Indianola' he still manned and fired his guns, though he and his men were without the least covering or protection. In addition to this courage, the skill and judgment he showed in manoeuvering his piece mounted on wheels, within a most contracted space, is certainly deserving of the very highest commendation."

The 1st of March, 1863, Lieutenant Patten, of the Third Maryland Artillery, was ordered to Shreveport, Louisiana, to take command of the section which up to this time had been so efficiently commanded by Sergeant Langley.

Early on the morning of the 14th of April, 1863, Captain A. E. Fuller, now in command of the Queen, with the Lizzie Simmons as a supply boat, attacked the enemy's fleet on Grand Lake, Louisiana, consisting of the Calhoun, Estrella and Arizona, but before the vessels came within short rang, an incendiary percussion shell from the Calhoun penetrated the deck of the Queen, exploded and set the vessel on fire. About twenty minutes afterward the fire reached the magazine, and the career of this celebrated boat was closed. After discovering the boat to be on fire, Lieutenant Patten rolled a cotton bale off the side of the vessel and jumped upon it, but it turned with him and he sank, not being able to swim. Thus perished one of the noblest and bravest of the Marylanders who went South. He was a man of commanding physique, polished manners, and rare attainments, a soldier who reflected credit upon the cause he espoused; and in his death the battery sustained an irreparable loss, and the service a gallant, brave and faithful officer.

Sergeant Langley and all but four of his men remained upon the Queen, and were lost in the general destruction of the vessel. Captain Fuller jumped off the Queen and was picked up by the men of one of the enemy's boats. The Lizzie Simmons escaped capture.

Yours, very respectfully,

W.M. L. RITTER.

*Baltimore, Maryland, April 24, 1876.*

**Letter from General Wilcox in Reference to Seven Pines.**

BALTIMORE, March 23, 1876.

Rev. J. WILLIAM JONES,

*Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va..*

Dear Sir—The February number of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* has in it a letter from General Johnston, pointing out errors as to the strength of the Army of Northern Virginia in the beginning of June, 1862; these errors being, as he alleges, in the account of the "Seven Days Fighting," now being published by the Society.

The last paragraph of the letter referred to our losses at Seven Pines, as follows: "The author gives our loss at Seven Pines, on the Williamsburg road, at about 4,800. General Longstreet, in his official report, dated June 11th—when, if ever, the number of killed and wounded must have been known—gives it roughly at 3,000. General D. H. Hill, whose division did all the fighting on that road from three o'clock (when it began) to six, and four-fifths of it from six to seven, when it ended, sets his down at 2,500, leaving 500 for that of R. H. Anderson, who came into the front line at six on the 31st, and Pickett's and part (two regiments) of Pryor's, June 1st, which is consistent. According to the writer, two brigades and a half in two hours lost about as heavily as four brigades in four hours of hard fighting."

The two brigades and a half mentioned by General Johnston were not all of Longstreet's division that fought on the 31st of May and June 1st. After the capture of the enemy's entrenchments and artillery on the right of the road in a field, and near several houses, a portion of the Eleventh Alabama, of Wilcox's brigade, under Colonel Nydenham Moore, was ordered to drive the enemy from the woods near a small house, several hundred yards to the right and a little to the front. In executing his orders, Colonel Moore's horse was killed and he himself received two wounds, one of which proved mortal, he dying about one month subsequently. The fraction of his regiment under him at the time lost heavily. Nor were Pickett's brigade and part of Pryor's all of Longstreet's command that were engaged on the 1st of May. It was on Wilcox's front that the firing began early on the morning of the 1st of May, and soon extended to the left, covering Pryor's entire front. These brigades were in line on the left, parallel with the Williamsburg road and facing north, the right of Wilcox's brigade over a

mile to the east of the captured works of the enemy, on the right of the road. These two brigades had been advanced to the front between ten and twelve o'clock the night before. Wilcox's relieved Anderson's brigade about twelve o'clock, and one of his regiments (the Nineteenth Mississippi) that had joined Anderson before the firing ceased was thrown further east on the Williamsburg road three or four hundred yards, on picket, and occupied the most advanced point reached by our troops May 31st. The losses in Wilcox's and Pryor's brigades were light. They were not long under fire, being soon ordered to retire and re-form on the right of the road, near the captured works of the enemy. A part of Armistead's brigade, of Huger's division, and a portion of Mahone's brigade, of the same division, were also engaged for a short time, and to the left of Pryor. Colonel Lomax, Third Alabama, Mahone's brigade, was killed.

Truly, &c.,

C. M. WILCOX.

P. S.—As General Johnston was wounded late in the afternoon of May 31st, and was never again in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, he may not have read all of the official reports of the battle of Seven Pines.

C. M. W.

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*Review of Bates' Battle of Gettysburg.*

[In a brief notice of Bates' history of the battle of Gettysburg, we intimated a purpose of returning to the subject again. The following letter from Colonel Wm. Allan, late Chief of Ordnance of Second Corps, Army Northern Virginia, spares us any further trouble. We happen to know that Colonel Allan is thoroughly familiar with the history of the Army of Northern Virginia, and that some of the most valuable military criticisms that have appeared in late years, have been from his facile pen.]

MCDONOUGH SCHOOL, MARYLAND, April 1, 1876.

Rev. J. W. JONES, *Secretary Southern Historical Society*:

It is to be regretted that at this time, more than ten years after the close of the war, the feelings that were natural enough during its progress have still sufficient force to discolor the facts of history. The book of Dr. Bates, recently published, possesses merit as a clear and readable account of the battle of Gettysburg, and shows labor and research in its compilation, but is wide of the truth in

many of its statements. The errors least excusable, are those in regard to the numbers engaged and the losses sustained.

General Meade stated, under oath, that *his strength on that battlefield* was, "including all arms of the service, a little under 100,000 men, say about 95,000." He thought that General Lee had about 90,000 infantry, 4,000 to 5,000 artillery, and 10,000 cavalry. Now General Meade's estimate of the Confederate force was of course nothing but a guess, but his statement as to his own force actually on the field must be supposed to be substantially correct. Dr. Bates assumes, in the face of General Meade's statement, that the above numbers were those borne on the rolls, and not those "in the field," and on the basis of an estimate of General Doubleday of the strength of the First Corps on July 1st (which shows a decrease of about 25 per cent. from General Butterfield's return of the same corps on June 10th), proceeds to reduce the total strength of the Federal army to 72,000. The infantry corps subsequently engaged in the battle numbered, according to General Butterfield, on June 10th 76,255. Between that date and the battle, he states, new commands joined General Meade, which added 9,500 infantry to his army. Add the cavalry at Dr. Bates' estimate of 12,000, and we have nearly 100,000 men. Deduct rear and train guards, and we see that General Meade's statement is borne out. Does Dr. Bates think it credible that the Federal army, between June 10th and July 1st, without any severe battles or marches, while it was slowly swinging around Washington and Baltimore as a pivot, so as to present a front to General Lee in his Northward march, and while every effort was being made to recruit it and hurry up to the front the absentees, dwindled from 100,000 to 72,000 effectives?

Again, General Meade's official report, as quoted by Dr. Bates, of his losses at Gettysburg, makes them in the aggregate 23,186. The estimates of the Federal infantry corps commanders on July 4th, the day after the battle, give 51,514 (see General Butterfield's testimony) as the effective force of infantry then remaining. This taken from say 85,000 infantry, the force present on July 1st, leaves over 33,000 as the Federal loss. The excess of 10,000 thus shown over the official report, consisted no doubt of the stragglers and absentees, produced by the losses and demoralization of the battle, and who subsequently returned to duty. It was undoubtedly this state of facts which prevented General Meade from attacking General Lee at Gettysburg, and induced the Federal council of war to vote with only two dissenting voices, on July 12th, against attack-

ing him at Hagerstown, where he had an impassable river behind him.

But if Dr. Bates has dealt unfairly with the Federal reports of strength and lossess at Gettysburg, he has hardly deigned to notice the Confederate sources of information at all. His estimate of General Lee's force is derived entirely from the guesses of Generals Hooker and Meade. General Hooker says, according to Dr. Bates: "With regard to the enemy's force, I had reliable information. Two Union men had counted them as they passed through Hagerstown, and in order that there might be no mistake, they compared notes every night, and if their counts differed, they were satisfactorily adjusted by compromise. In round numbers, Lee had 91,000 infantry and 280 pieces of artillery; marching with that column were about 6,000 cavalry." He adds that Stuart's cavalry, which crossed the Potomac at Seneca, "numbered about 5,000 men." Such information as this may have been useful to a commander before a battle, who was very anxious not to underrate his enemy, but is altogether valueless to the historian. General Meade's estimate given above, puts General Lee's force at nearly the same. In addition to these estimates, which he assumes as true, Dr. Bates, on the authority of Swinton, reports General Longstreet as saying "that there were at Gettysburg 67,000 bayonets, or above 70,000 of all arms." The only attempt at using Confederate information on a point in regard to which they alone could give accurate information, is thus a second-hand statement from General Longstreet, which conflicts (as will be shown) with all the other Confederate authorities, and is certainly erroneous. The attempt of Dr. Bates to reconcile the estimate of Hooker and Meade, with the alleged statement of Longstreet, leads to an amusing calculation. Having ciphered the Federal army from 95,000 to 72,000, by comparing Butterfield's report of Reynolds' corps for June 10th, and Doubleday's estimate of it on July 1st, he applies the same arithmetic to Lee's army, and states that "we may therefore fairly conclude that Lee crossed the Potomac with something over 100,000 men, and actually had upon the field in the neighborhood of 76,300."

General Lee had crossed the Potomac but ten days before; had marched unopposed and at his leisure through a hostile country into central Pennsylvania; had concentrated his entire force—except Stuart's cavalry (which did not cross the Potomac with the main army) and Imboden's small command—at Gettysburg; and yet under these circumstances was, according to Dr. Bates, able to

bring but three men out of four to the battle-field. Dr. Bates thinks the Confederate commander lost the use of over 20,000 men in this time by straggling! At this rate it was great waste of blood for General Meade to fight at all. Had he allowed General Lee to march about in Pennsylvania for a month longer the whole Confederate army would have melted away, and all the advantages of Gettysburg been won without the sacrifices.

The truth is this: General Lee left Culpeper on his march northward, June 10th, with not over 60,000 effective troops of all arms. He had some severe cavalry fighting east of the Blue Ridge, and dispersed or captured Milroy's force at Winchester. At this last place he was joined by a small body of cavalry, a battalion of infantry and a battery. This addition did not compensate for the losses in battle, the detachment left to guard the prisoners taken from Milroy, and to protect communication to the Potomac. So that General Lee "crossed the Potomac" with under 60,000 men, including his cavalry. From 55,000 to 58,000 (counting all the cavalry) of this number were probably at Gettysburg.

The foregoing accords with General Lee's statement to the writer, since the war, of his forces in the Pennsylvania campaign. It is confirmed by other information.

1. In the *Historical Magazine* of August, 1867, is re-published an article from the *New York Tribune*, containing what purports to be a copy of the returns of the Confederate armies, taken from the captured archives at Washington. Where the returns were defective, the author (Mr. Swinton) has interpolated his own estimates. These are very inaccurate, but the copied returns contain valuable information. In this paper the whole force for duty in the "Department of Northern Virginia" in May, 1863, is given at 68,352. This comprised all the troops under General Lee's command, and embraced, besides the main army lying on the Rappahannock, detached bodies at various points in the State. It would be a very moderate estimate to allow 8,000 or 8,500 men for the number of troops not with the main army of invasion, and yet included in the Department of Northern Virginia.

2. The Confederate army, at the time mentioned, consisted of three corps of infantry, besides artillery and cavalry. The army was divided into these three corps in May, and Longstreet, Ewell and Hill commanded them. They did not differ much in strength. Each corps contained three divisions. General Early commanded one of the divisions of Ewell's corps. In his report of this cam-

paign, published in the *Historical Magazine* for April, 1873, he gives the field return of his division on June 20th. From it we have—

Officers present for duty.....	514
Enlisted men present for duty.....	5,124
Total.....	5,638

He says: "My division, notwithstanding the absence of three small regiments, was fully an average one in our army." This report agrees with my own recollection. My position in the army at that time made it my duty to know the strength of Ewell's corps. It contained on the 1st of June, just before we set out on the campaign *fifteen thousand and a few hundred muskets*. Longstreet's was somewhat stronger, but the difference was slight. This would make the Confederate infantry at the beginning of the campaign about 50,000 men. An addition of 10,000 for artillery and cavalry is liberal.

3. But Dr. Bates has in his own book the refutation of his estimates. It appears, from his roster of the two armies, that there were 239 Union and 163 Confederate regiments of infantry present at the battle. As a unit of organization the regiment was the same in both armies; and it is a well known fact that the Confederate regiments, except when newly formed, were never so full as the Federal ones. This was but the natural result of the more abundant facilities for recruiting on the one side than on the other. Now the Federal regiments—if the above enumeration be correct—must have averaged about 350 men, and the Confederate about 300 men, according to estimates made by each commander of his own force. This is a large estimate of the average strength of the Confederate regiments. But Dr. Bates' estimate would require them to have been over 460 strong (!) and the Federal only 300 (!), a result absurd on its face.

In regard to the Confederate losses, we have fuller data than as to their strength. The reports of Generals Longstreet and Ewell have both been published (though Dr. Bates seems unaware of it, as well as of the publication of General Lee's final report of the battle—*Southern Magazine*, August, 1872). The official report of losses by Longstreet (*Southern Magazine*, April, 1874) is—total killed, wounded and missing (including loss in artillery attached to the corps), 7,515, General Ewell reports his total losses while in Pennsylvania (*Southern Magazine*, June, 1873) at "6,094 aggregate." General Hill's report has not been published (so far as I know), but as

his corps did not suffer more than the others, the average of the above, or 6,800 men, would be a full allowance. The entire Confederate loss did not exceed 21,000 men.

There are many other points deserving notice, but this letter is already too long.

Very truly, yours,

W. ALLAN.

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**Diary of Robert E. Park, Macon, Georgia, late Captain Twelfth Alabama Regiment, Confederate States Army.**

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—The following diary has a value, in that it records the daily experience of the men who followed our distinguished leaders, and gives the impressions made upon the mind of an intelligent young soldier as he discharged his daily duty.]

What is here written was chiefly for my own satisfaction, and in the hope that in coming years its perusal might give pleasure to my relatives and friends. Nothing was intended but a private journal, and no thought of publication was ever intended. It sees the light very unexpectedly. My object in furnishing it is neither ostentatious nor pecuniary; but simply to gratify others who have urged me to have it given a more permanent form. My comrades in the old "Army of the Valley," who followed the varying fortunes of General Early, and the unfortunate sufferers who were in prison with me during the last unhappy months of our valiant but vain struggle for independence, will excuse the numerous personal items so natural to a private diary. It was written while I was quite young—a mere boy; and the indulgent readers of these *Papers* will bear in mind that nothing was written for effect, but all in truth and sincerity, and at the time the events related were fresh in my memory. Style I could not study. My language is—

"Warm from the *heart*, and faithful to its fires,"

the spontaneous utterances of a young soldier's thoughts. The fact that while writing I never dreamed of its ever being published may add to its interest. The pressure of business engagements prevents my copying the diary, and my readers are indebted to the industry of my wife, who has kindly undertaken to prepare it in the proper form for publication.

June 6th, 1864—About eight o'clock Rhodes' division packed up their baggage, and marched down the breastworks near Richmond.

half a mile, turning to the left at same point we did on 30th May, and continuing our course nearly a mile under a hot, broiling sun, when coming up with Early's division, under Ramseur, and Gordon's division, we halted a few hours. At two o'clock P. M. we resumed our march towards the right flank of the enemy, going one mile, and then halted until dark. Skirmishing was brisk and cannonading rapid in our front. We expected to be engaged at any moment, but something prevented, and we returned to a pine woods on the Mechanicsville turnpike and remained during the night. A good many straggling Yankees were captured, who reported the enemy moving to their left flank, and say their men are destitute of shoes, deficient in rations, and very tired of fighting, etc. They also report Burnside's negroes at the front. The enemy, unwilling to expose their own persons, not only invoke the aid of Ireland, Germany, and the rest of Europe, but force our poor deluded, ignorant slaves into their ranks. They will prove nothing but "food for our bullets." \* \* \*

*June 7th*—We remained in camp until evening, when we moved to a more pleasant locality. The enemy have disappeared from our left and left-centre, and gone towards our right, and Early's (lately Ewell's) command enjoys a respite from the heavy and exhausting duties of the past month.

*June 8th*—Sergeant Aug. P. Reid, of my company ("F," Twelfth Alabama), was this morning appointed acting Second Lieutenant by Colonel Pickens, and assigned to command of Company "D." This was a neat compliment to Gus, and to my intelligent company. The day was again marked by an unusual quiet; cannon and musketry were seldom heard. I seized a moment to write a letter expressing sympathy to Mrs. Hendree, of Tuskegee, at the untimely death of her excellent and gallant son, Edward, who was killed May 5th at the Wilderness while commanding sharpshooters. The first twelve months of the war we were messmates and intimate friends. He was afterwards made First-Lieutenant in Sixty-first Alabama regiment. He was the only son of a widowed mother, and of exceeding great promise.

*June 9th*—Remained in our bivouac until near six o'clock, when we were ordered to "pack up" and "fall in." Rev. Dr. William Brown, of Richmond, preached to us at four o'clock. Shortly after his sermon concluded, we marched about two miles towards the right of our line, and halted in an old field, near an old Yankee camp, occupied by some of McClellan's troops before his memora-

ble "change of base" in 1862. There we slept until near three o'clock next morning, when we were hurriedly aroused, but, as we soon found out, needlessly. I read through—or rather finished reading—the New Testament to-day, and re-commenced it, beginning with Matthew.

*June 10th*—Stayed quietly in bivouac all day. There are rumors that Grant is mining towards our fortifications, and attempting his old Vicksburg manœuvres. But he will find he has Lee and Beauregard to deal with now. Mortars are said to be mounted and actively used by both sides on the right of our line. Appearances go to show Grant's inclination to besiege rather than charge General Lee in the future. The fearful butchery of his drunken soldiers—his European hirelings—at Spotsylvania Courthouse, it seems, has taught him some caution. His recklessness in sacrificing his hired soldiery, therefore, seems to me to be heartless and cruel in the extreme. He looks upon his soldiers as mere machines—not human beings—and treats them accordingly. \* \* \*

*June 12th*—Three years ago to-day my company—"The Macon (county, Alabama) Confederates"—were enlisted as soldiers in the provisional army of the Confederate States, and I became a "sworn in" volunteer. I remember well the day the company took the prescribed oath to serve faithfully in the armies of the Confederate States, and I can truthfully say I have labored to do my whole duty to the cause since then. Then I was a young Georgia collegian, scarcely eighteen years of age, very unsophisticated in the ways of the world, totally unacquainted with military duties, war's rude alarms, and ever-present perils. Now I may be considered something of a veteran; have served nearly one year as a private and two as a lieutenant, having been unanimously elected to that position, and being a larger portion of the time in sole command of my company, composed principally of men much older than myself. I have participated in a great number of hotly contested battles and sharp skirmishes; have marched through hail and snow, rain and sleet, beneath hot, burning suns, and during bitter cold, by day and by night; have bivouacked on bloody battle-fields, with arms in my hands, ready for the long roll's quick, alarming beat; have seen many a loved comrade—whose noble heart beat high with hope and bounded with patriotic love for his dear native Southland—slain by the cruel invader, and lying still in death's icy embrace. But despite the innumerable dangers I have passed through, through God's mercy I am still alive, and

able and willing to confront the enemies of my country. Will I be spared to see another anniversary? The Omniscient One only can tell. This is Sunday, and I have had the privilege of hearing Rev. Dr. L. Rosser, of Virginia, and Rev. Dr. Joseph C. Stiles, of Georgia, preach eloquent sermons. They preached in a pine woods near our bivouac.

*June 13th*—At two o'clock in the morning my corps took up the line of march, some said to assume its position on the right of the army, and others to the southside of the James; still others thought it was a grand flank movement, in which Grant was to be outgeneraled as McClellan was, and Lee, as usual, grandly triumphant. None of the numerous suppositions proved correct. Battle's Alabama brigade, under Colonel S. B. Pickens, of our regiment (the Twelfth Alabama), led the corps; and we passed through Mechanicsville, crossed the Chickahominy, and entered the Brook turnpike five miles from Richmond. Here we turned towards Louisa Courthouse. I marched about fifteen miles, when I got in an ambulance and rode the remainder of the day, a distance of about five miles. During the afternoon I suffered from a hot fever. We halted about twenty miles from Richmond and rested until next day. This was one of the very few sick days I have had in three years. \* \* \* \*

*June 15th*—Feeling a good deal better, I marched with my company to-day. We passed Louisa Courthouse, and halted near Trevillian's depot, seven miles from Gordonsville. On our route we passed the late cavalry battle-field, where Generals Hampton, Butler and Fitzhugh Lee, defeated Yankee General Sheridan, *et al.* A great many dead and swollen horses were on the ground, and graves of slain soldiers were quite numerous. The fight was warmly contested.

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*June 17th*—Rhodes' division passed through towards Lynchburg on foot, several regiments of Gordon's and Ramseur's divisions rode on the cars. Lieutenant Long and I got a transfer to private quarters, and drew our rations from the commissary. This is the first time I have ever been sick enough to be sent to a hospital, since I entered the "Army of Northern Virginia," over three years ago. It is a great trial to me.

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*June 20th*—The monotony of my situation wearies and does not benefit me, and I seek and obtain a transfer to general hospital at Lynchburg. At two o'clock took the cars, reached Lynchburg near sun down, and was sent to College hospital, with Lieutenant Long and Lieutenant B. F. Howard of Tuskegee, Alabama. It is

partly under charge of some Sisters of Charity. Here I heard of the sudden death of Mr. Charles Wright of Sixty-first Alabama, and wrote to his brother, Lieutenant G. W. Wright, of my company, at Loachafoka, Alabama, concerning it. Poor George is now at home suffering from the severe wound in the head, received at battle of Gettysburg, shortly after I was wounded, and near my side.

June 21st—To-day I was initiated in hospital fare and treatment. The fare consisted of cold, soggy corn bread, cold boiled bacon, very fat, and a kind of tasteless tea, called, by some of my companions, "poplar bark tea." The hospital attendants account for our hard fare by saying, that all the commissary and hospital stores were hurriedly removed from Lynchburg, as the vandal General Hunter approached, and to prevent their falling into Hunter's hands. Early's corps is now hotly pressing him towards Liberty and Salem, Virginia, I would I were able to assist in the pursuit. Yankee armies however are seldom caught when they start on a retreat. In that branch of tactics they generally excel. They will run pell-mell, if they think it necessary, prudence, with them, is the better part of valor, and they bear in mind the lines from Butler's Hudibras—

"He who fights and runs away  
Will live to fight another day;  
But he who fights and is slain  
Will never live to fight again."

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June 23d—My cough grew worse, and general debility increased, but becoming exceedingly weary of the hospital, I applied for a transfer to a Staunton hospital, in order that I might be ready to join my corps when it reached there. Hospital life has no charms for me, and my first experience has not impressed me favorably.

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June 25th—Visited Lieutenant Wimberly, of Sixth Alabama, wounded in the leg, and who was kindly cared for by the agreeable family of Mr. Mock. Lieutenant Wimberly was in fine spirits, but recovering rather slowly. The good ladies of the house were very attentive to him. Excepting this visit, the day proved very hot, dull and tiresome. Having nothing to read and nothing to do, I am sadly afflicted with *ennui*, and am very anxious to rejoin my command.

June 26th—As I coughed too much to attend church, and was too unwell otherwise, I remained in my room until evening trying to sleep, and thus atone for the night's restlessness. Late in the day

I applied, with Lieutenants Howard and Long and several other officers, for discharge from the hospital. The application was granted, though my immediate surgeon told me I ought not to leave for several days. But I was literally worn out with the dull surroundings and poor fare, and, hearing that General Early intended to invade Pennsylvania, I resolved to accompany him. The very thought is exhilarating, and makes me feel better. \* \* \* \*

*June 28th*—Joined my regiment two miles beyond Staunton, and found the men glad to see me and in excellent spirits after their long, rapid, but fruitless pursuit of Yankee General Hunter. The command is ordered to be ready for rapid marching, and I packed my valise and satchel, retaining only an extra suit of under clothing. In my valise I left my DIARY, kept for two years past, and giving daily brief accounts of all that has happened to myself and my immediate command. It is too large and heavy to carry along with me, and, though I have become very much attached to it—from such constant use and association—I must “make a virtue of necessity,” and entrust it to the keeping of an unknown and perhaps careless quartermaster and teamster. No officers baggage wagons are to be allowed on the expedition in contemplation, and all of us have left the greater portion of our clothing and all our company documents, papers, &c. In the afternoon we passed through Staunton, and bivouacked six miles beyond on the famous Valley turnpike.

*June 29th*—We marched some distance on the pike, then turned to the right, and halted near a little village called Keezeltown. At night our regimental postmaster brought me fourteen letters—the first mail for some time. Received notice from hospital of death of private Robert P. Wynn, of Auburn, Alabama. Poor Bob! He had been married but a short time to the young sister of Robert F. Hall, lately my orderly sergeant, and soon after he joined us he had an attack of pneumonia, which, together with nostalgia (a species of melancholy, common among our soldiers, arising from absence from home and loved ones) soon brought his young career to an end. I must write Mrs. Wynn of his death. It is a sad duty. Her brother, Sergeant Hall, an old college classmate of mine, and one of the most gallant and intelligent members of my company, is at home, still disabled and suffering from a severe wound received at Seven Pines, 31st May, 1862. Our Valley army, under that heroic old bachelor, lawyer and soldier, Lieutenant-General J. A. Early, is composed of the small divisions of Major-Generals

John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky; Robert E. Rhodes, of Alabama; John B. Gordon, of Georgia; and S. D. Ramseur, of North Carolina. All of them are small—some of the brigades no larger than a full regiment, and some of the regiments no larger than a good company, and many of the companies without a commissioned officer present, and having only a “corporal’s guard” in number of enlisted men. We are all under the impression that we are going to invade Pennsylvania or Maryland. It will be a very daring movement, but all are ready and anxious for it. My own idea has long been that we should transfer the battle-ground to the enemy’s territory, and let them feel some of the dire calamities of war.

*June 30th*—Returned to the turnpike and marched eighteen miles, half mile beyond New Market. This place was the scene of the Dutch General Siegel’s signal defeat by General Breckinridge. The men who “fit mit Siegels” preferred running to fighting on that occasion.

*July 1st, 1864*—Marched twenty-two miles to-day—from Newmarket to two miles beyond Woodstock, where we remained for the night. This is the anniversary of the first day’s battle at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; and one year ago, late in the afternoon, just before my brigade entered the city, I was wounded. I well remember the severe wound in the head received that day by Lieutenant Wright near my side, and his earnest appeal to me to tell him candidly the nature of his terrible wound. And I shall never forget the generous forgetfulness of self, and warm friendship for myself, shown by Captain John J. Nicholson, of Company “I,” when the command was temporarily forced back by overwhelming numbers. I had been wounded; and fearing that I would be captured, hobbed off after my regiment, as it fell back under a very close and galling fire from the rapidly advancing Yankees. Nicholson, noticing my feeble and painful efforts to escape, suddenly stopped, ran to me, and catching my arm, offered to aid me; but, appreciating his well meant kindness, I declined his proffered assistance, and begged him to hurry on, telling him, to induce him to leave me, and save himself, that I would stop unless he went on. Captain N. was once a teacher in Mobile, associated with Major W. T. Walthall, is a native of Annapolis, Maryland, and graduate of Saint Johns College. While on furlough, and recovering from a wound, received at Seven Pines, he married an elegant lady in Amelia county, Virginia. After Captain N. left me, the

enemy fell back again, and I was carried to our brigade hospital, near Gettysburg, and soon joined by Captains A. E. Hewlett and P. D. Ross, and Lieutenants Wright and Fletcher, all wounded officers of my regiment. The last mentioned, a brave young soldier, bled internally, and died during the night.

*July 2d*—We passed through Middletown and camped at Newtown.

*July 3d*—Marched through the historic old town of Winchester, and encamped at Smithfield. The Good people of W. received us very kindly and enthusiastically.

*July 4th*—Declaration of Independence Day, but as we had other business before us, we did not celebrate the day in the old time style. We marched through Halltown and Charlestown, near the old field where that fanatical murderer and abolitionist, John Brown, was hung, and halted under a heavy cannonading at Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry. This place on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and on the Potomac river, surrounded by lofty mountains, was once a United State Arsenal and Government foundry. The Yankee camps had been hastily forsaken, and our men quickly took possession of them and their contents. After dark General Rhodes took his old Alabama brigade (now Battle's) into the town, where a universal pillaging of United States Government property, especially commissary stores, was carried on all night. The town was pretty thoroughly relieved of its stores, and the 4th of July was passed very pleasantly. Corporal A. F. Henderson, while in a cherry tree gathering fruit, was wounded by a minie ball or piece of shell, and carried to hospital in the afternoon. Fuller Henderson is a son of Rev. S. Henderson, D. D., a distinguished Baptist minister of Alabama, and is a true and unflinching soldier.

*July 5th*—In company with Captain J. P. Smith, A. I. G., Captain R. M. Greene, of Sixth Alabama, and Sergeant A. P. Reid, I returned to town again in the morning, and procured some envelopes, writing-paper, and preserved fruits, etc. The enemy's sharp-shooters from Maryland Heights fired pretty close to us repeatedly, and bullets fell so rapidly it was dangerous to walk over the town. But as we were on a frolic, resolved to see everything, we heeded the danger very little. We returned to camp, near Halltown. I was sick and restless during the night.

*July 6th*—As I was weak from my sickness of the past night, I rode in an ambulance all day. Rhodes' and Ramseur's divisions crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and marched through the

famous town of Sharpsburg. Signs of the bloody battle fought there in September, 1862, between Generals Lee and McClellan were everywhere visible. Great holes, made by cannon-balls and shells, were to be seen in the houses and chimneys, and trees, fences and houses showed countless marks made by innumerable minie-balls. I took a very refreshing bath in Antietam creek, upon whose banks we bivouacked. Memories of scores of army comrades and childhood's friends, slain on the banks of this stream, came before my mind, and kept away sleep for a long while. The preservation of such an undesirable union of States is not worth the life of a single Southerner lost on that memorable battle-field. Lieutenant John Fletcher, of my company, and Captain Tucker, commanding Twelfth Alabama, were killed at Sharpsburg.

*July 7th*—Left the Antietam and marched through a mountainous country towards Harper's Ferry, where constant cannonading could be heard. Our brigade halted near Rohrersville, three miles from Crampton's Gap, and the Third, Fifth, Sixth, Twelfth and Sixty-first Alabama regiments, of which the brigade was composed, were sent in different directions to guard roads. The Twelfth Alabama remained on picket all night, leaving outpost for the brigade at three o'clock P. M.

*July 8th*—Rhodes' division was taken within a short distance of the Ferry, halted for an hour or two, and then marched across the mountain at Crampton's Gap, where General Howell Cobb's brigade of Georgians fought in 1862, and where Lieutenant-Colonel Jeff. Lamar, of Tom Cobb's Legion, was killed. Here Tom Irvine, of Oxford, Georgia, one of my earliest schoolfellows, and a very intelligent and promising youth, was also slain. We passed through Burkettsville and stopped near Jefferson. The sun was very hot indeed to-day, and marching very uncomfortable. The mountain scenery in this section is very beautiful.

*July 9th*—Marched through and beyond Frederick City, but neither saw nor heard anything of the mythical "Barbara Freitchie," concerning whom the abolition poet, Whittier, wrote in such an untruthful and silly strain. We found the enemy, under General Lew. Wallace, posted on the heights near Monocacy river. Our sharpshooters engaged them, and Private Smith, of Company "D," was killed. General Gordon attacked the enemy with his division and routed them completely, killing a large number. Colonel John Hill Lamar, of Sixtieth Georgia, who had but six months before married the charming Mrs. C——, of Orange county,

Virginia, was killed. There is a report that General Early levied a contribution on Frederick City, calling for \$50,000 in money, 4,500 suits of clothes, 4,000 pairs of shoes, and a quantity of bacon and flour. Battle's brigade was in line of battle all the evening, and marched from point to point, but was not actively engaged. Two divisions of the Sixth Army Corps and some "hundred days men" opposed our advance. The latter were very easily demoralized, and ran away.

*July 10th*—Marched nearly twenty-five miles to-day on the main road to Washington city, passing through Urbana, Hyatstown and other small places. It was a severe march. We camped near Rockville. My negro cook, Charles, left me; I sent him off to cook a chicken and some biscuits, and he failed to put in an appearance any more. My opinion is that he was enticed away or forcibly detained by some negro worshipper, as he had always been prompt and faithful, and seemed much attached to me.

*July 11th*—Passed through the neat village of Rockville, and marched under a very hot sun towards Washington city. Halted about two miles from the inner fortifications, where we were exposed to a close and rapid shelling nearly all the afternoon. The men are full of surmises as to our next course of action, and all are eager to enter the city. We can plainly see the dome of the Capitol and other prominent buildings, Arlington Heights (General Lee's old home), and four lofty redoubts, well manned with huge, frowning cannon. Several 100-pound shells burst over us, but only one or two men in the entire division were hurt. All the houses in our vicinity were vacated by their inmates on our approach, and the skirmishers in front were soon in them. Many articles of male and female attire were strewn over the ground. This conduct was against orders, but a few men, led by an Italian, familiarly known as "Tony," who was once an organ-grinder in Mobile and now belonging to the "Guarde La Fayette," Company "A," of my regiment, exerted themselves to imitate the vandalism of Hunter and Milroy and their thieving followers while they occupied the fair Valley of Virginia. Private property ought to be—and is, generally—respected by Confederate soldiers, and any other course is ungentlemanly and unsoldierly. Yankee soldiers are not expected to appreciate such gentility and self-respect. United States Postmaster-General Montgomery Blair's house and farm, called "Silver Spring," were less than a hundred yards from my regiment. General Breckinridge is an old acquaintance of General

Blair, and had placed a guard around it, and forbade any one to enter the house or at all disturb the premises. This course was in great contrast to that pursued by General Hunter when he caused the destruction of the residence of his cousin, Hon. Andrew Hunter, in Virginia. Breckinridge is the very soul of honor, as are all our leading generals. The meanest private in our army would not sanction the conduct of Milroy and Hunter.

*July 12th*—Some heavy skirmishing occurred to-day, and one of my regiment was wounded. The sharpshooters, and Fifth Alabama, which supported them, were hotly engaged; some of the enemy, seen behind their breastworks, were dressed in citizens' clothes, and a few had on linen coats. I suppose these were "Home Guards," composed of Treasury, Postoffice and other Department clerks.

I went to Roche's and other houses near the picket line, and was shown some very disreputable letters, received and written by young ladies, which had been found in the houses, and which showed how utterly demoralized the people of the North had become. It was a day of conjecture and considerable excitement, in momentary expectation of being ordered "forward." But we were disappointed in our expectations and wishes, and late at night we evacuated our position, and left Washington and its frightened inhabitants. The object of the daring expedition was no doubt accomplished, and Grant was forced to send large reinforcements to the threatened and demoralized Capital from his own army, and thus largely diminish his own force and lessen his ability to act upon the offensive. I believe we could have taken the city when we first reached it, but the delay brought heavy battalions from Grant—ten times our small number—who could have readily forced us to abandon it. About twelve o'clock at night we commenced falling back towards Rockville, and I regret to say, our march was brilliantly illuminated by the burning of the magnificent Blair mansion. The destruction of the house was much deplored by our general officers and the more thoughtful subordinates, as it had been our policy not to interfere with private property. It was set on fire either by some thoughtless and reckless sharpshooter in the rear guard, or by some careless soldier stationed about the house.

*July 13th*—Marched on our retreat the remainder of the night, passed through the very friendly Southern town of Rockville, and halted near Darnestown. I slept all the afternoon, not having enjoyed any rest the previous night. At dusk we commenced

marching, *via* Poolsville, to White's Ferry on the Potomac river. Did not march over five miles the entire night, though kept awake, and moving short distances at intervals of a few minutes.

*July 14th*—Recrossed the Potomac, wading it, and halted near the delightful little town of Leesburg. We have secured, it is said, over 3,000 horses and more than 2,500 head of beef cattle by this expedition, and this gain will greatly help the Confederate Government.

*July 15th*—Rested quietly "under the shade of the trees."

*July 16th*—We passed through Leesburg, Hamilton and Purserville. At the latter place the Yankee cavalry made a dash upon our wagon train, and captured a few wagons. General Phil. Cook's (formerly Doles') Georgia and Battle's Alabama brigades were double-quicked, or rather *run*, about two miles after them, but, of course, could not succeed in overtaking them. The idea of Confederate infantry trying to catch Yankee cavalry, especially when the latter is scared beyond its wits, is not a new one at all, and though attempted often in the past, and doubtless to be repeated scores of time in the future, I venture to predict will never be realized. Indeed it is a demonstrated fact, that demoralized and retreating Yankee infantry cannot be overtaken even by Confederate cavalry, *vide* battles of Bull Run, Manassas—first and second, etc. A frightened Yankee is *unapproachable*. We finally gave up the pursuit, and marched through Snicker's Gap. The Twelfth Alabama picketed on the mountain top.

*July 17th*—Left our picket-post and waded across the Shenandoah river. The water rose to our waists and was quite swift, and as the bed of the river was rocky and uneven, we had a good deal of fun. Some practical jokes were indulged in, which all seemed to enjoy. After crossing, we marched within five miles of Berryville and halted. I took dinner at the house of an excellent and very intelligent Virginia lady, Mrs. C——, and met a charming young lady, Miss C——, daughter of mine hostess. Mrs. C—— gave me some interesting facts connected with the treatment of the good people of the Valley of Virginia by that cruel coward and villain, General Milroy, who a short while ago fled before us so fleetly and ignominiously. She had been badly mistreated by him herself. Indeed he appeared to take a peculiar pleasure in annoying and insulting the citizens, particularly the patriotic ladies, who happened unfortunately to be living within his department.

*July 18th*—Archy W——, a corporal of my company, happen-

ing to be on guard at the house, made an engagement for me to visit Miss C—— in the afternoon at four o'clock; but at the appointed hour Rodes' division was hurriedly ordered out to meet the enemy, who had crossed the Shenandoah at Snicker's Gap, under General Crook; and in an incredible short space of time we were hotly engaged in battle. The fight lasted over two hours, and was quite warmly contested. The Yankee force was three times greater than ours. Private Eberheart, of my company, was instantly killed. We had driven the enemy to the banks of and in the river, and, having halted on a little eminence, were peppering them with bullets as they rushed into and attempted to cross the river. They replied as best they could, but under great disadvantage. A large number remained concealed near the river at the foot of the hill, and did some execution, firing at our men as they exposed themselves. They escaped under cover of darkness. When Eberheart was killed, Private Tom K—— called me earnestly to him, and, amid a heavy shower of bullets, I went to him, and inquired what he wanted. "Nothing," he replied, "I just thought you would like to see Eberheart after he was dead." A rather poor reason, I thought, for causing a man to unnecessarily expose himself to hundreds of death-dealing missiles. I took care of his pocket-book, his wife's ambrotype and bible, and will send them to her at Fredonia, Alabama, the first opportunity. E—— was a brave, uncomplaining, good soldier, sent to my company as a conscript. Private G. A. Ware was severely wounded in the leg. Lieutenant Majors, of Company "E," and two others of the regiment were killed, and ten or fifteen wounded. Lieutenant Majors and I were running near each other in quick pursuit of the enemy, when he exclaimed that he was shot, but continued to run for some distance, and then suddenly fell. I stopped by his side, and offered him some water from my canteen, which he hastily drank, and then sank down and instantly expired. A minnie ball had cut an artery in his leg, but such was his determined courage and eagerness in following the fleeing foe, that he ran on, his life blood all the time gushing from his wound, and stopped only when sheer exhaustion and faintness from such great and rapid loss of blood compelled him, and the grim monster Death claimed him for his own. Majors had been but recently promoted, and was an officer of decided promise. In this action Colonel Pickens commanded our brigade and Lieutenant-Colonel Goodgame the regiment. While the routed and demoralized Yankees were crossing the river, I caused my

company and those adjoining it to fire by rank and by command, as in ordinary manual drill, the only instance of such an event, in my knowledge, during the war. I gave the words of command at request of Colonel Goodgame, and confess I took much pleasure in it. While we were engaged burying our dead comrades under a large tree, near where they fell, General Early and staff rode by, and the old hero spoke to us gently, and kindly suggested that we "dig the graves deep enough." A brave North Carolinian had somehow and somewhere come in possession of a silk ("stove pipe") hat, and had made himself conspicuous by persisting in wearing it, despite the advice and warnings of his companions, and indeed of the whole division, as the men used frequently to tell him, as he passed by, to "come down out of that hat," "I see your feet hanging down from that stove pipe," etc.—all of which he heard with imperturbable good humor, generally making some witty reply. In walking over the battle-field I was pained to see the well-known tall hat, and upon nearing it, to recognize the handsome, good-natured face and manly form of the gallant wearer lying cold in death. He had been shot in the head. His reckless daring reminded me of the hardihood shown, during the battle of Gaines' Mill in 1862, by Captain L'Etoudal, of Company "A," the French company from Mobile. The day was intensely hot, and L'Etoudal was very fat, weighing at least 250 pounds. He got hold of an umbrella, and while we were exposed to a heavy fire, and even while marching preparatory to charging the enemy, he kept the conspicuous article boldly and recklessly elevated over his head, and to repeated cries from the men ordering him to "put down that umbrella, you are attracting the enemy's fire to us," which was really true, he coolly replied, "I won't, it is too much hot," and the brave Frenchman absolutely refused to lower or close it and continued to shield his huge body from the sun's scorching rays, preferring to risk the bullets to the terrible heat. The company laughed at and approved their captain's daring conduct, and did not join in the almost universal request to "haul down that umbrella." The poor fellow died soon after, a victim to disease. He always reminded me of Lieutenant Porgy, a racy character in Wm. Gilmore Simms' interesting novel, "The Partisan." We slept in line of battle, on our arms, ready for action, near the battle-field. Privates W. A. Moore and T. M. Kimbrough came in from hospital to-day.

*July 19th*—Rested undisturbed in the woods. Private W. F.

Moore returned to camp. After the moon rose Rodes' division marched through Berryville, then halted, cooked rations, and rested from two o'clock until daylight.

*July 20th*—Marched all day, passing White Post and Newtown, and within one and a half miles of Winchester.

*July 21st*—Anniversary of the first battle of Manassas. We were drawn up in line of battle at Newtown and Middletown, and ready to repeat the memorable lesson in running taught our enemies at Manassas this day three years ago. But they declined to give us the chance. Three years ago my regiment, officered by Colonel R. T. Jones, of Marion, Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore O'Hara, of Mobile, and Major E. D. Tracy, of Huntsville, with my company, then officered by Captain R. F. Ligon and Lieutenants R. H. Keeling, William Zuber and George Jones, were hurried on the cars from Richmond to Manassas, but reached there only in time to go over the battle-field after the fierce conflict was over. I saw hundreds of Brooklyn Zouaves, in their gay red breeches and gaudily trimmed coats, lying lifeless where they had been slain. Also saw the noble steed of the heroic Bartow lying near the spot where his master fell. Soon after General Beauregard raised his hat, and, in grateful acknowledgment of their splendid valor, exclaimed, "I salute the gallant Eighth Georgia!" The places where General Bee fell and General Jackson won his immortal soubriquet of "Stone-wall" were not far distant. We spent the night near a mill on the river, three miles from Strasburg.

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*July 24th*—Suddenly summoned to leave our picket-post for Winchester, marching very rapidly, forming line of battle near Kernstown, and moving quickly after the enemy through Winchester and five miles beyond, being in less than half mile of the routed and flying Yankees almost the whole time. They, in their fright and haste to escape, burned up thirty-five or forty wagons and caissons, and abandoned a few cannon. The entire movement was a very successful one. We marched fully thirty miles during the day. But, as I have said before, it seems to be impossible to catch a running Yankee. They are as fleet almost as race-horses.

*July 25th*—Rested until four o'clock P. M., and then marched to the little village of Bunker Hill.

*July 26th*—Marched to Martinsburg, where a large number of Yankee sick and wounded were captured; camped two miles from town.

*Diary of Robert E. Park, late Capt. Twelfth Alabama Reg't. 385*

*July 27th*—Details were made to tear up and destroy the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; rumor in camp of Hood's fighting Sherman in Georgia, and all are anxious for particulars.

*July 28th*—Rested all day, and near the spot where, last year, I saw Major A. Proskauer, our gallant German Hebrew Major, from Mobile, and Dr. Adams, our assistant surgeon, eat fried mushrooms ("frog-stools"), a very novel sight to me.

*July 29th*—Marched to Williamsport, Maryland, where our cavalry crossed the Potomac and captured large quantities of commissary and quartermasters' stores.

*August 1st, 2d and 3d, 1864*—Remained quietly at Bunker Hill, resting. This rest and quiet of three days, after our continual marching and counter-marching, double-quicKing, running, fighting, skirmishing, long-roll alarms by day and by night, loss of sleep by night marches and constant picketing, is genuinely enjoyed by us all.

*August 4th*—Left our quiet camp for Maryland, and passed through Martinsburg, halting six miles beyond.

*August 5th*—Waded across the Potomac at Williamsport, and marched towards Boonsboro, halting five miles from Funkstown. General Breckinridge's command crossed at Shepherdstown. The majority of the men took off their shoes, tied them to their knapsacks, and waded through, over the rocks and gravel, barefoot.

*August 6th*—Breckinridge's corps, consisting of his own and Wharton's small divisions, passed by us, and recrossed the Potomac. General B. was formerly Vice-President of the United States, and is a magnificent looking man, weighing over two hundred pounds. He wears a heavy moustache, but no beard, and his large piercing blue eyes are really superb. Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions also crossed to the Virginia side, wading the river again. We marched to the vicinity of Hedgesville, on a mountain road, and camped for the night.

*August 7th*—Marched through Martinsburg, and to our former camp at Bunker Hill.

*August 8th and 9th*—Spent these two days resting, but in momentary expectation of an order to "fall in."

*August 10th*—Order to "fall in" received, and we left camp, marched six miles towards Winchester, formed line of battle, and slept on our arms all night.

*August 11th*—Went to Winchester and formed line of battle.

Then Battle's brigade was ordered on picket duty two miles beyond Middletown. Marched over twenty miles during the day.

*August 12th*—Left the picket-post, marched through Strasburg, and halted at our old camp near Barb's tannery, on the Back road. At night the Twelfth Alabama went again on picket.

*August 13th*—The brigade was in order of battle in the hot sun all day.

*August 14th*—Still in line of battle. Rude breastworks of rails were thrown up, but the enemy kept aloof. Although we have thrown up scores of earthworks, we have never been called upon to fight behind them.

*August 17th*—Left our post for Winchester, and on our route saw where several large barns, loaded with wheat, corn and hay, had been burnt by order of General Sheridan. One large flouring mill, of great necessity to the locality, had also been destroyed. I suppose Sheridan proposes to starve out the citizens, or rather the women and children of the Valley (for the men are in the army), as well as Early's troops. Grant and he have resolved to make this fertile Valley a desert, and, as they express it, cause it "to be so dessolate that the birds of passage cannot find enough to subsist upon." This is a very ungentle and ungenerous return for the very humane manner in which General Lee conducted his Pennsylvania campaign last year, and for the very kind treatment of the citizens of Maryland and Pennsylvania by General Early and his command recently. Such warfare is a disgrace to civilization; but I suppose that Irish-Yankee Sheridan and that drunken butcher and tanner, Grant, have little comprehension of sentiments of humanity or Christianity. Breckinridge and Gordon whipped out the Yankees badly to-day in some severe skirmishing. Rodes, for a wonder, was not engaged. My good mother says Rodes' division is in every battle her papers mention, and that such expressions as "Rodes bore the brunt of the battle," "Rodes begun the action," "Rodes' command suffered severely in killed and wounded," "Rodes' division led the advance," or "Rodes conducted the retreat, serving as rear guard," are constantly in the telegraphic column, and to be found in "Letters from War Correspondents." It is true that our gallant and beloved Major-General is usually foremost at the post of honor and danger. He is ably seconded by his efficient adjutants, Major H. A. Whiting and Major Green Peyton. Reinforcements from Longstreet's corps have reached us, and vigorous work may be expected. Lieutenant-General Anderson is in command.

**A Correction of the Incident in Reference to General Pickett.**

[The following letter explains itself. We can only say, by way of apology for our error, that the incident in reference to General Pickett was related by one of the speakers at the meeting held in Richmond, soon after his death, to honor his memory; that it had gone the rounds of the papers without contradiction, so far as we had seen, and that this fact, added to our personal acquaintance with the gentleman who related it, satisfied us of its entire accuracy. Let us add that while this correction in no way affects our argument on the prison question, we would make it none the less cheerfully if it did, and that we are at all times ready to correct the slightest inaccuracy of statement into which we may be betrayed.]

TO THE REV. J. WILLIAM JONES,

*Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:*

Dear Sir—In the *Southern Historical Society Papers* for March, 1876, at page 160, appears an account of some occurrences, in which General George E. Pickett was an actor. Being myself an uncle of General Pickett, I had some acquaintance with the affair, and I saw that there were certainly several material errors in the statement. But I thought it best to communicate with the members of his staff, and to ascertain the facts with precision, before I wrote to you. This has caused the delay of the present communication; but it enables me to write now, supported by their recollections, especially by those of Mr. Harrie Hough, who was General Pickett's confidential clerk, and Major Charles Pickett, who was his brother and adjutant. Captains W. Stuart Symington and Edward R. Baird concur with the other officers, so far as they were acquainted with the facts, but their absence on service at that juncture caused them to be less familiar with all the circumstances.

I will give you a narrative of what actually occurred, condensed from these sources.

When the demonstration was made on Newbern, North Carolina, by the Confederates, and during the engagement, a number of prisoners were captured. Among them was a young lieutenant of artillery, whose name is not remembered, but he was probably from Elmira, New York. A day or two after the engagement, General Pickett received (from General Ord, as it is believed,) a letter by flag of truce, requesting his good offices for this young prisoner, accompanied by a bundle of clothing and a remittance of \$500 in Confederate money. General Pickett sent one of his couriers (not an orderly), who had been with him for a long time and possessed

his entire confidence, with dispatches for Captain Baird, who was at General Pickett's headquarters in Petersburg, and with instructions to go on to Richmond with the money and clothing for the young prisoner, to be delivered to the proper officer for his use. The courier, instead of reporting at headquarters in Petersburg, or going to Richmond, made his way to Ivor Station, on the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad. There, having a courier's pass and being well known, he exhibited a letter addressed to a gentleman living beyond the lines, which he said he was instructed by General Pickett to deliver; and by this means he got through the Confederate lines and took refuge with the Federal army.

As soon as General Pickett learned these facts, he sent to the young officer in prison a supply of clothes and \$500 in money. He also wrote to General Ord by flag of truce, acquainting him with all that had happened, and regretting that the receipt of the money and clothes had been delayed. At the same time a demand was made for the surrender of the courier, in view of the facts of the case. To this demand an answer was received from General Butler, declining to surrender the courier, *but, at the same time, refunding to General Pickett the \$500 of Confederate money which he had advanced to the young officer.*

This is all of the story that rests upon any real foundation. General Pickett never received any letter from any gentleman in Boston, and never saw the young officer who was taken prisoner, so far as is known to any member of his staff. He did not give any mortgage on his Turkey Island property for the purpose of raising this money; and his interest in that property still belongs to his widow and his son.

I am sure that you will gladly correct the mistakes into which you have been led in regard to this, seemingly, "well authenticated incident," and which owe their origin, no doubt, to the affection and esteem with which the memory of General Pickett is cherished, and to the belief that he would so have acted under the circumstances supposed.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ANDREW JOHNSTON.

*Richmond, Va., 23d May, 1876.*

**Address before the Mecklenburg (N. C.) Historical Society.**

By General D. H. Hill.

[The distinguished author has kindly furnished us the following address, which we cheerfully publish in full, as every way worthy of preservation, and appropriate to our columns.

General Hill wields, in vindicating the truth of history, a pen as ready as his sword was keen in defending the right.]

*Gentlemen of the Historical Society of Mecklenburg:*

Our president has appropriately introduced the series of historical lectures with the inquiry, why so few have attempted to preserve the record of the great events in the history of North Carolina, and to embalm the memories of the illustrious actors therein. Perhaps, it may not be amiss in me to pursue the same line of thought. For, if the neglect of our past history be due to the lack of materials, then our organization is in vain, and our time and our labor will be thrown away. The truth, however, is that our materials have been rich and lustrous, and the causes which have led to the neglect of them can only be explained by an examination into the characteristics of our people and those surroundings which have moulded their thoughts and their actions.

We look for an explanation of this neglect, in part, to the influence exerted in the State by the Scotch-Irish population. These people have ever been God-fearing, law-loving, law-abiding, honest, truthful, energetic and courageous; but they are, to the last degree, unpoetic and averse to hero-worship. They never canonize saints, nor idolize warriors and statesmen. This rugged race bore the brunt of the contest in North Carolina. They fought the battles of freedom for freedom's sake, and when that guerdon was won, they cared not to exalt the merits or the prowess of this or that leader, each conscious of his own equal worthiness. The Scotch-Irish disdained the laudations of heroes as much as their great religious leader, John Knox, disdained "to fear the face of mortal man." Such a people would be slow to build monuments, erect statues and write histories to commemorate deeds of high emprise. Perhaps, this self-reliant, self-asserting and unsentimental people would regard everything that looked like hero-worship as unmanly and contemptible.

This partial explanation of the neglect of history applies only to the two Carolinas, and in looking over the whole Southern field we must seek a more general explanation. Dr. Channing, of Bos-

ton, one of the ablest and fairest of the many gifted men of the North, said thirty-four years ago that the great passion of the South was for political power, while the great passion of the North was for money. We give his language in the contrast which he made between the North and the South: "The South," said he, "has abler politicians, and almost necessarily so, because its opulent class makes politics the business of life. \* \* \* \* In the South an unnatural state of things turns men's thoughts to political ascendancy; but in the free States men think little of it. Property is the good for which they toil perseveringly from morning to night. Even the political partisan among us has an eye to property, and seeks office as the best, perhaps only way of subsistence." This is a pretty frank confession from a Northern scholar that Northern politicians seek office mainly in order to make money thereby. It reads very much like prophecy in the revelations of the last few years of Credit Mobilier, Emma Mine Stock, Seneca Stone Contracts, Whisky-Ring Frauds, Pacific Mails Subsidies, and Sales of Sutlers' Posts, etc., etc. But while Dr. Channing gave the distinction in the characteristics of the two sections with great fairness, he did not give the philosophy of that distinction. We might still inquire, Why does the North covet money and the South political power? We think that the solution of the problem is to be found in the density of the population in the one section, and the sparseness of population in the other, with all the modifying influence brought in by this difference of population. The North has devoted itself, from necessity, to commerce and the mechanic arts; the South has devoted itself to a pure agriculture. In rural districts there may be great stinginess and meanness, but greed of money is not a prominent vice, and great wealth is almost unknown. The temptation is wanting, and therefore the vice is not found. Literature and the arts and the sciences are not cultivated to a high point among an agricultural people. These studies require debate, discussion and antagonism. It is true that the great thinkers of the world have generally been born and reared in the country, but it is equally true that they did not become distinguished until their minds had received the attrition of town life. Plodding, pains-taking historians, hard-working students of science, enthusiastic devotees to the arts are not found in the rural districts. The free, fresh air of the country is unfavorable to all that sort of thing. Literary and scientific men, if not born in great centres of trade and commerce, go there to meet congenial spirits,

or to find the appliances of their art. The South has had no literature and no science, because she has always had a sparse population. The ambitious have had but two roads to fame; the one led, in time of peace, to legislative and congressional halls; the other led, in time of war, to the tented field and the battle-ground. There never has been a scientific monthly or weekly published in the South. The only well-sustained review ever attempted here dealt mainly in political questions. This, under the management of Hugh Swinton Legare, had almost the ability of the great English quarterlies, but its discussions were confined almost exclusively to matters of state-craft. After a time it shared the fate of all our Southern magazines—died for want of patronage.

To sneer at an agricultural people for deficiency in literature and science, is just as unfair as to sneer at a commercial people for lack of those qualities which are alone found in farming communities. In the thinly settled South, as has been said, the ambitious found but two high roads to distinction. The character of our people is to be judged, then, by the manner in which they acquitted themselves in the struggle for military and political fame, and not in the struggle for moneyed power or literary and scientific pre-eminence.

Has the South succeeded in furnishing brave soldiers and wise statesmen? This will be my investigation to-night.

The commander-in-chief in the first great rebellion, was the Southern-born Washington. In that contest, the South furnished troops out of all proportion to the numbers of her population. Northern soldiers never came to the relief of the South, but almost all the battle-fields of the North were drenched with Southern blood. At the battle of Brooklyn, a regiment of Marylanders fought so stoutly and checked the British advance so long, that it was virtually destroyed. Half the victors at Trenton and Princeton, who changed the wail of despair of the American people into shouts of victory, were from Virginia. Two future Presidents of the United States, of Southern birth, were in that battle, one of whom was wounded. The only general officer there slain, was from Fredericksburg, Virginia, and he was commanding Southern troops. The retreat at White Plains would have been a terrible disaster, but for the charge of Southern troops that drove back, for a time, the British, flushed with victory. At Germantown, a Southern brigade gained deathless honor, and the life-blood of a North Carolina general was poured out. After the massacre by the Indians in the

valley of Wyoming, 1776, George Rogers Clark, of Virginia, with a brigade of his countrymen, penetrated to the upper Mississippi, chastised the savage butchers, captured the British Governor of Detroit and seized £10,000 sterling, a most seasonable addition to our scanty currency. The Virginia troops bore the brunt of the battle of Brandywine, and stood, while others ran. At Monmouth and on the plains of Saratoga, Southern blood mingled with Northern in the battles of freedom. Morgan's Virginia riflemen greatly distinguished themselves, and their deadly rifles slew the British General Fraser, the inspiring spirit of Burgoyne's army.

On our own soil we find the same heroism. When South Carolina was over-run, the guerrillas, under Sumter, Marion, Pickens, &c., drove the British back, step by step, to Charleston, where they were held in a state of siege until the end came. It is our deliberate opinion that no battles of the Revolution will compare in brilliancy with the defence of Fort Moultrie and the defeat of Ferguson at King's Mountain, fought solely by untrained Southern troops. Our own State had the honor of shedding the first blood in the sacred cause of freedom, of first proclaiming the great principles of independence, and of having on its soil that battle-ground where Cornwallis received from Southern troops the first check in his career of victory—a check which ultimately led to his surrender.

If we come to the war of 1812, Harrison and Jackson, beyond all question, gained the most laurels, as shown by the elevation of both of them to the Presidency for their military prowess. All concede that the brilliant land-fights of that war were in the defences of New Orleans, Mobile, Craney Island and Baltimore, and in these, on the American side, none but Southern troops were engaged. This war was unpopular at the North, and the defection of New England amounted almost to overt treason. Hence, the South furnished again more than her proportion of troops. Again, the Southern volunteers flocked North, while no Northern troops came South. If we read of the bloody battles in Canada, we are struck with the number of Southern officers there engaged, mostly general officers—Wilkinson, Izzard, Winder, Drayton, Hampton, Scott, Towson, Brooke, Gaines, &c. Kentucky, I believe, furnished more troops than any State for the invasion of Canada. On the authority of the *Southern Review*, I state, without investigating the truth of it, that Maryland furnished more of the naval heroes of the war of 1812 than did any other State in the Union. It is very

certain that the South contributed more than her quota of land troops. Not only was the war popular at the South, but the laboring class being slaves, more of the citizen soldiery were able to take up arms. For the same reason, the supplies in the Revolution and in the war of 1812 came largely from the South. Botta's history shows how dependent the army under Washington was for supplies from Virginia and the South.

In the Mexican war the commanders of both American armies were Virginians, one of whom became President and the other an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency. Two-thirds of the volunteer troops for that war were from the South, and not a single Southern regiment ever behaved badly in action. Two-thirds of the first *brevet* appointments given for gallantry on the field were bestowed upon Southern-born officers. I allude to those first given, and not to the second or third batch, procured through political influence. The volunteer brigadier most distinguished in that war was Lane, of North Carolina. The volunteer regiments that won most *éclat* were Davis' Mississippi and Butler's South Carolina. The naval officers who performed the most dashing feats were Tatnall, of Georgia, and Hunter, of Virginia. In that wonderful campaign from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico the engineer officers most relied upon by General Scott were Alexander Swift, of North Carolina, and Robert E. Lee, of Virginia. That volunteer brigade that was most relied upon in an emergency was the Mississippi brigade under Quitman. But I need not go on. It is a fact that none will controvert, that the South won the laurels of that war.

If we come down to the second rebellion, the President of the so-called United States who conquered the so-called Confederate States was a Southern-born man, and all admit that he conducted the contest with great ability. The commander-in-chief of his army who first organized victory for the Union was a Virginian. Next to Grant and Sherman, the most successful Federal generals, who struck us the heaviest blows, were born at the South—viz: Thomas, Canby, Blair, Sykes, Ord, Getty, Anderson, Alexander, Nelson, etc., etc. General Grant was beaten the first day at Shiloh and driven back to the river, cowering under the protection of the gun-boats. A Kentucky brigade, under General Nelson, checked the shouting, exulting rebels, and saved Grant from destruction. A Kentucky colonel greatly distinguished himself that day. He is now Secretary of the Interior, hated by Grant, whom he then helped to save, and hated by all the whiskey thieves.

At Chickamauga the Federal commander-in-chief gave up all as lost, and abandoned the field early in the afternoon. General Thomas, of Virginia, in the Yankee service, planted his corps on a hill, and there stood, like a rock in the ocean, resisting all assaults until nightfall, when he retired to Chattanooga. His stubbornness on the battle-field, and his persistent holding of the town after defeat, saved East Tennessee to the Union and gave a death-blow to the Confederacy.

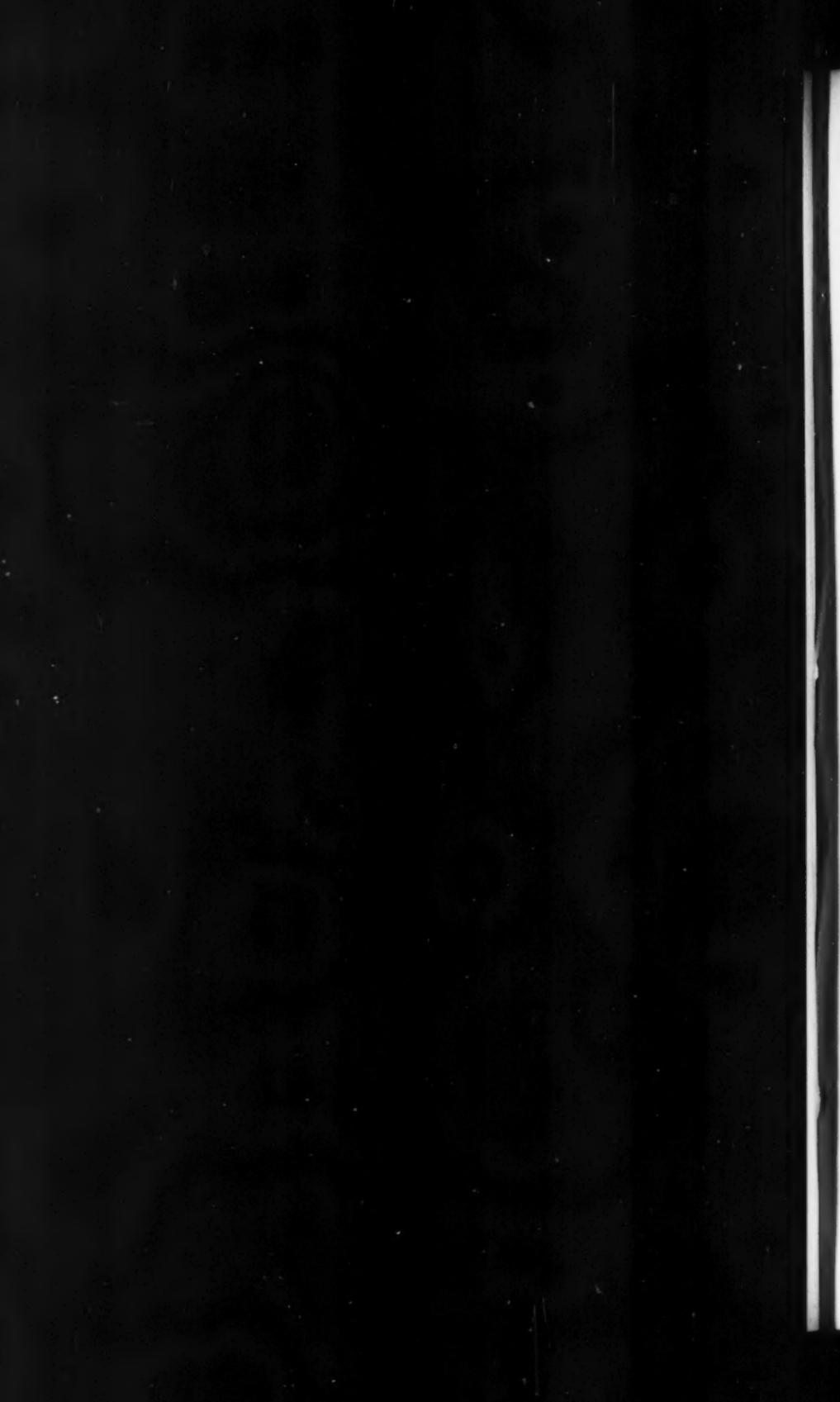
Andy Johnson refused to give up Nashville, as Buell directed, when Bragg advanced into Kentucky. The abandonment of Nashville then would have given the whole State over to the Confederacy. These two men—Thomas and Johnson—dug the grave of the Confederacy.

Farragut, of Tennessee, rose to the highest rank in the Federal navy, for his triumphs over his native land. The naval forces at Hatteras were under command of Goldsborough, of Maryland. It is a singular fact that the Southern men in the Federal service were remarkably successful, while the Northern men in our service, though brave and true, brought disaster to our arms. Lovel lost us New Orleans, Pemberton lost us Vicksburg, and Gardner lost us Port Hudson. Through the failure of these three officers the command of the Mississippi was lost, the Confederacy was cut in twain, and the conquest of the South became only a question of time.

Had the South been united, our independence could easily have been established, but unfortunately, the South furnished, probably, as many native troops to the Federal army, as did the vast and populous North. Missouri gave 108,773 soldiers to that army, Kentucky 92,000, Maryland 49,730. Every Southern State contributed in greater or less degree, and in all there were 400,000 native-born Southerners in the Yankee service. In this enumeration, I do not include the 250,000 negro troops, who fought nobly then, as they vote nobly now, and without whom E. M. Stanton, the Yankee Secretary of War, said that "the life of the nation" could not have been saved. Without enlarging farther upon this subject, I have sufficiently established the claim of the Southern people to excellence in the field. They have succeeded in one of the two departments, in which they have sought prominence. Let us look at the other. Have they succeeded in the department of politics?

From Washington's inauguration to Grant's, the Republic had





lasted (after a fashion) eighty years. Then a new element of voting power was introduced not known to the framers of the Constitution, and I therefore only estimate the time up to this Radical change. Of these eighty years, fifty-seven were passed under the Presidencies of Southern-born men, and but twenty-three under Northern Presidents. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson, served each eight years, forty years in all, just one-half the life of the nation. Tyler, Polk, Lincoln and Johnson, served each four years, and Taylor one. Of the twenty-three years under Northern Presidents, John and John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Pierce and Buchanan, served each four years, and Fillmore three. The second Adams was not the choice of the people, and was elected by the House of Representatives. Mr. Fillmore was elevated by the death of President Taylor. So up to the period of the new kind of voting, the people had really never elected but four Northern men to the Presidency. It is remarkable, too, that the people have repudiated the administration of every Northern President, not one of them being re-elected, and a different political party always succeeding them in power, save in the case of Mr. Pierce, a Democrat, who was succeeded by Mr. Buchanan, also a Democrat. On the other hand, five Southern Presidents were re-elected, and all of them were succeeded by Presidents of the same political faith, except perhaps Mr. Polk, who was succeeded by General Taylor, running upon a no party platform. The country endorsed Polk's administration and did not repudiate him, as he declined a renomination. Another curious fact is this, that every Northern President had associated with him a Southern man as Vice-President. Thus John Adams had Thomas Jefferson; John Quincy Adams had J. C. Calhoun; Martin Van Buren had R. M. Johnson; Pierce had Wm. R. King; Buchanan had J. C. Breckinridge. On the other hand, Jackson served one term with J. C. Calhoun. Harrison and Tyler, his associates, were both from Virginia, and Lincoln and Johnson were both from the South. Of these same eighty years, the South had a Chief Justice on the Supreme Court Bench for sixty-three years, or more than three-fourths of the time. The purity and wisdom of these Southern Justices made them the pride of the nation.

All the wars, foreign and domestic, have been under the conduct and control of Southern-born Presidents; the war of 1812; the Algerine war; the Black Hawk war; the Seminole war; the Mexican war; the war of the second rebellion.

All the acquisitions of territory have been under Southern Presi-

dents, by which the size of the United States has been doubled—Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New Mexico, California, and Alaska. The New England States resisted all these acquisitions except the last.

The political studies of the South all led to freedom, and Southern statesmen have always been on the side of popular rights. Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, in a public address at Charleston in 1766, advocated separation from Great Britain, and he was the first man in the American Colonies to propose the establishment of American Independence. The first American Congress met in Philadelphia on the 7th of September, 1774. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was chosen President, because of his familiarity with all those questions of state-policy and state-craft that might arise. On the 20th of May, the next year, the Scotch-Irish of this country made the first Declaration of Independence, and on the 12th of April, of the following year, the Provincial Congress of North Carolina took the lead of all the States in passing resolutions of Independence. And when the Congress of all the States met in Philadelphia, it was a Virginian, Richard Henry Lee, who first moved that the States should be FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES. It was a Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the National Declaration of Independence. And when our independence had been won under the leadership of a Southern General, and a Convention was held in order to form a Federal Constitution, the Draft of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, was accepted by that body. So one Southern statesman had the honor of writing the Declaration of Independence, and another Southern statesman had the honor of writing the Federal Constitution.

I hope that this brief and imperfect sketch has established the point I made at the outset, that the South has excelled in the two departments, war and politics, in which she sought pre-eminence—the only two in which an agricultural people have ever gained renown. The world has never seen finer fighting material than our own ragged rebels. They united the *elan* of the Frenchman with the dogged obstinacy of the Englishman, the careless gaiety of the Italian with the uncomplaining fortitude of the Russian. How cheerfully they bore hunger, thirst, heat, cold and all wretchedness, and how magnificently they moved forward under the storm of shot and shell! An English officer, who had been on Longstreet's staff, witnessed the battle of Sadowa, and gave it as his opinion

that 70,000 of Lee's ragged, barefoot veterans could have swept the 200,000 victors off the field. I have compared, so far as I could, the losses sustained in the great battles of the world since the introduction of fire-arms, and I find only in rare cases have they been so much as a fourth of the troops engaged, and they range from that up to a twentieth. The Confederates thought that battle almost a skirmish in which their losses did not exceed a fourth. The British at Waterloo were pounded for hours by the French artillery, but their loss was but 10,686 out of the 70,000 engaged, or not quite a sixth. At Magenta, the Austrians, out of 125,000, lost but 9,713, or but one-thirteenth; the French, the victors, lost but 6,000 out of 120,000, or one-twentieth. At Sadowa, the Prussians lost but 10,000 out of 200,000 in the battle, or one-twentieth. The Austrians, with an equal number engaged, lost much more heavily, but they were flanked and suffered severely after they were routed. And here I would remark, that to make a comparison fair between the losses in different battles, it should be between the victors and not the vanquished. The loss of the defeated, where cavalry is efficient, or where a flank movement has decided the battle, is always greater after defeat than before it. The true test of the obstinacy of a battle is the loss up to the moment when the shouts of victory rend the sky. Tried by that test, European fighting has been child's play in comparison with Confederate. "I am ashamed for strangers to see my barefoot, ragged boys in camp," said General Lee to an English visitor, "but I would be glad for all the world to see them on the field of battle." This tribute from the great commander is alone sufficient to establish my first point, and I consider it established therefore.

Under the second head, I have shown that Southern statesmen were the first to proclaim the great principles of independence; that Southern-born men have held the Presidential office for nearly three-fourths of the life of the nation; that Southern policy has doubled the area of the United States, and that Southern men have always had, up to the introduction of the new voting element unknown to our ancestors, a controlling influence in the councils of the nation. I will only add now that, up to that time, there never was a stain upon a Southerner, whether as a President, Cabinet officer, Foreign Minister, Congressman, or other employee of the Government. Our Southern statesmen were often rash, hot-headed and intemperate in language, *but they would not steal*, and they could not be bought by a Ring. This Southern leaven leavened the

whole lump. The Supreme Court was incorruptible, and not, as now, a partisan body. The Senate was more dignified than the English House of Lords. Schemes of public plunder were not devised and executed in the House of Representatives. No one was ever charged with selling his vote for money. No Foreign Minister prostituted his office to sell Emma Mine stock or Sally Mine stock. So far as I can remember, only one fraudulent claim on a large scale was ever attempted, and upon its exposure by Colonel Payne, of North Carolina, the fraudulent claimant killed himself with Prussic acid.

The South is gradually getting rid of the ruffian scum, who have so long plundered and disgraced her. The voices of some of her true sons are being heard in the Halls of Congress. We trust that the time may not be far distant when the influence of Southern statesmanship will be felt in the councils of the nation, rebuking bribery and roguery, elevating the public morals and purifying the Government. To effect these great objects, we must send forward our best-men, not fire-eaters and braggarts. We confess that we had a few of that class, but hot shot and shell reversing the order of nature cooled their fiery temperaments. We want not Gascons, but Southern gentlemen, honorable, high-toned men of strict integrity and *straight hair*.

## Editorial Paragraphs.

OUR discussion of the prison question in our March and April numbers has excited great attention, and we have been exceedingly gratified at the kind criticisms of our friends, both in the newspapers and in numbers of private letters which we have received. We have been told by those whose opinions are indeed worth having, and whose names, were it proper to give them, would be considered the highest endorsement, that the facts, figures and documents which we have presented are an end to the argument, and place the conduct of the Confederacy in a perfectly impregnable position.

We have seen no attempt on the part of the Northern press to refute our argument, although we took pains to send it to all of the leading papers and magazines.

The New York *Tribune* had a rather ill-natured criticism, in which it virtually admits the truth of what we say, but represents us as disturbers of that peace and good will between the sections which all should now seek to cultivate. And we hear a faint whisper that certain of our esteemed friends are afraid that harm to the South will come out of this defence of our people. We have only to say in reply that *we* did not reopen the question; that *we* have simply refuted slanders which have been suffered to go so long unanswered that in breaking forth afresh they "run riot over both facts and probabilities;" and that if our calm, temperate reply to these long persisted in attempts to blacken the name and character of our Confederate Government and people shall alienate "friends at the North," it will only prove that their friendship is bound to us by so brittle a thread that it is scarcely worth an effort to preserve it.

If "friends" are alienated by the proof that Confederates were not the cold-blooded murderers, the fiends incarnate that partisan fanatics have represented, then the sooner we get rid of such "friends" the better.

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THE demand for our PAPERS on "The Treatment of Prisoners during the War between the States" has induced us to put them in more permanent form, and we hereby announce that we will very soon issue a neatly bound volume with the title "*The Confederate View of the Treatment of Prisoners.*"

By using without alteration the matter in our March and April numbers we will be able to send the book, postage paid, at the following very low rates:

Cloth binding.....	\$1 25
Half Morocco.....	\$1 50
Half Calf.....	\$1 75

We beg that our friends will send in their orders promptly, and that they will exert themselves to circulate the book, and especially to put a copy in public libraries North and South. Let the vindication of our Confederate Government be placed where posterity can see it.

THE continued demand for back numbers has compelled us to reproduce both our January and February numbers, and now our January number is again exhausted. This has compelled us to stereotype hereafter, so that we can furnish back numbers without stint. The stereotyping involves a delay in the issue of this number, which we deeply regret, but our printers promise that it shall not occur again.

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IT was the privilege of the Editor to attend at Gordonsville on the 10th of May a reunion of the old Thirteenth Virginia Infantry. General Early, General J. A. Walker, Ex-Governor Wm. Smith, General D. H. Maury, General McComb, Colonel Grigsby, of the old Stonewall Brigade; Colonel Gibson, of the Forty-ninth Virginia; Colonel Goodman and Colonel Crittenden, of the Thirteenth Virginia, a number of other officers and some two hundred and fifty of the veterans of this grand old regiment were present. The speaking was admirable, the banquet was elegant, and the mingling together of old comrades, long separated, delightful. Many facts were brought out illustrative of the history of this regiment, which had a career worthy of its origin, composed as it was of original volunteers, who participated in the capture of Harper's Ferry, April the 18th, 1861, and having as its first field officers Colonel (afterwards Lieutenant-General) A. P. Hill, Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Major-General) James A. Walker, and Major (afterwards Brigadier-General) J. E. B. Terrill.

But we have mentioned this Reunion chiefly for the purpose of suggesting that our Confederate regiments generally should have such reunions, and that along with the social they should by all means arrange for detailed histories of the commands.

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#### Book Notices.

*Memoirs of General William T. Sherman.* By Himself. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Every intelligent Confederate soldier ought to read this book, and many of them have done so. In spite of the rough, often coarse, and sometimes profane style, it is certainly a very readable book. And as a personal narrative of the commander of one of the principal Federal armies it must always command a certain sort of attention.

But General Sherman's worse enemies could wish him no greater harm, so far as his fame is concerned, than that he should have written *just this book*. He so completely ignores the services of other officers, and takes to himself credit that belongs to his comrades, that his book has been most severely criticised by Federal officers, and General Boynton in his book ("Sherman's Historical Raid") has completely demolished him. General Grant has been reported as saying—on reading the book—"I really thought until I read Sherman's narrative that *I* had something to do with crushing the rebellion."

We do not propose to take sides in this family quarrel, and we are afraid that we could not be prevailed upon to interfere even though the fight should wax

so hot as to approximate the famous "Kilkenny" battle. If military reputations suffer, as the "Saviors of the Union" now turn their artillery on one another, all we have to say is, "It is none of our funeral."

But we shall claim the privilege of making hereafter a few choice extracts from the Memoirs, by way of showing the manner and spirit in which "the life of the nation" was saved. Meantime we would say that the book is gotten up by the publishers in fine style, and is well worth buying for the reasons indicated above.

*Dixon's New America.*

The publishers (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) have sent us (through West & Johnston, Richmond,) a copy of this well gotten up book. An intelligent Englishman gives us a sketchy, gossipy, very readable account of his tour in America, in which truth and fiction mingle lovingly together, and another illustration is furnished of the stubborn fact that one cannot thoroughly know a country by a hasty trip through it.

*Life of Stonewall Jackson.* By Miss Sarah Nicholas Randolph.

The publishers (Lippincott & Co.) have sent us, through Woodhouse & Parham, Richmond, a copy of this new life of the great Confederate chieftain.

Having read Miss Randolph's "Domestic Life of Jefferson"—one of the most charming books we ever read—we were prepared for an entertaining biography of Jackson, and our expectations have been more than realized. It is really a delightfully told story of the deeds of our hero, and a vivid portrayal of his private character, a book which we would be glad to see widely circulated.

And having said thus much in commendation of the book, it is no harm for us to add our regrets that Miss Randolph has followed others into several historic inaccuracies, and that she has allowed herself to be deceived into copying and endorsing the ridiculous story of General Revere, concerning Jackson's being an astrologer, &c., which General Early so completely exploded soon after its appearance.

But in spite of these defects the book admirably meets the design of its publication, and is a popular biography of Jackson, which deserves to find a wide circle of appreciative readers.

*Medical and Surgical Memoirs:* Containing Investigations on the Geographical Distribution, Causes, Nature, Relation and Treatment of Various Diseases, 1855-1876. By Joseph Jones, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Clinical Medicine, Medical Department of Louisiana; Visiting Physician of Charity Hospital; Honorary Member of the Medical Society of Virginia; Formerly Surgeon in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States.

While not competent to judge personally of the merits of this book, our knowledge of the reputation of the distinguished author (the first Secretary of the Southern Historical Society by the way) made us confident that it would prove a work of rare value to the profession.

We have, however, submitted the book to an esteemed medical friend, and he pronounces it one of great ability, and an important contribution to medical literature.

The work will be found also of great historic value, as the Third Volume will embrace more especially the consideration of the diseases and accidents of armies, and such observations on the medical and surgical history of the Confederate army, as the author was able to make himself or to obtain from the Confederate medical officers.

The results of the investigations concerning the nature, relations and treatment of special diseases during the civil war of 1861-1865, will also be found under the appropriate divisions of each monograph, in three volumes, constituting the present series.

It may be obtained by addressing the author, Dr. Jos. Jones, box 1500, New Orleans.

*Life of Chief Justice Chase.* By J. W. Schuckers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

As private secretary and intimate friend of Mr. Chase, Mr. Schuckers has brought to his task very full materials which he has woven into a deeply interesting story of the busy life of one of the ablest men this country has ever produced.

Always a leader in the party opposed to the rights of the South, Mr. Chase's record is one which we cannot, of course, endorse. But in his latter days he evinced towards our people a much more kindly spirit, and it is but just to say that his private character always stood fair, and that his correspondence, as presented in this book, evinces a purity of motive and a freedom from the bribery and corruption by which he was surrounded truly refreshing. The book is admirably gotten up, and very readable.

*The Civil War in America.* By John Wm. Draper, M. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The publishers have kindly sent us (through West & Johnston, Richmond,) a copy of this work. We are thus enabled to place on our shelves three beautiful volumes, gotten up in the highest style of the book-maker's art, and "intended to be a history of the causes which led to the civil war, and of the events connected with it, considered not in a partisan but in a philosophical and impartial spirit." How far the learned author has succeeded in his avowed purpose is altogether another matter. Indeed it requires only a glance through these volumes to see that instead of writing in "a philosophical and impartial spirit," Dr. Draper is so bitter a "partisan," that it seems simply impossible for him to make accurate statements about even the most trivial matters.

We may take occasion to pay our respects to Dr. Draper more fully hereafter, and to show how his narration of the causes and events of the war is so colored by partisan prejudice as to render it utterly worthless as history.

#### **Books Received.**

From the publishers (Jos. H. Coates & Co., Philadelphia,) we have received the second volume of the translation of the History of the Civil War in America, by Comte de Paris.

From Geo. W. Harris, of Albemarle, *The Confederate Soldier*, by Rev. J. E. Edwards.

These books, and any others which may be sent us, shall have due notice.